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THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XV.

EAVESDROPPERS.

Acting under the influence of a sudden impulse, Colonel Marchmont moved away from the spot where the gipsy girl stood with Henri le Morneaut, and retreating behind a clump of trees, concealed himself where he could hear all that passed.

Henri passed his arm round the slender waist of the girl, and looked tenderly into her eyes.

"Well, dearest Cora," he said; "are you glad to see me again?"

The girl blushed.

"You know it, Henry," she said—she called him by his English name,—"you know I am always glad to see you. But I am very—very sad."

"That man has been annoying you again!" cried Henri passionately. "By heavens! if he speaks ill of me to you he shall rue it!"

A lowly-murmured curse made Colonel Marchmont start and glance round. By his side stood the gipsy he had noticed before. The expression of his features was changed now. The tender emotion with which he had gazed on the young girl was now replaced by a scowl of bitter hate. He saw that the Colonel noticed him, and he advanced with his finger on his lip. When he was close to him he whispered, he took his hand and grasped it.

"We are friends, for we both hate that man."

The Colonel returned the pressure in silence, and both listened. The girl's face had flushed, and an expression of sadness and fear was on her features.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried, "you make me tremble when you talk thus. He never speaks ill of you to me—never!"

"Then why are you in sorrow?"

"Because I love you."

Henry smiled conceitedly.

"Why, that is not in reason, my beloved one," he said. "If you love me, why be so sad, since you well know I love you?"

Cora shook her head.

"Alas! you think so now," she murmured; "but you will not always. The rich heir of the Carews will never wed a poor gipsy girl who has no fortune but the beauty he tells her she possesses."

Oh, sweet simplicity! Oh, destroyer!

Henri bit his lip as the girl spoke of marriage. But, young as he was, he had schooled himself in the art of concealing his emotions, and he answered, as he pressed her to him again gently, "Yes, dearest one, I *will* marry you. I have told you so many times, yet you will not believe me. I have come to you this morning, dear one, to ask you to become my wife. Fly with me on the last night of the revels; a carriage shall be in waiting in the road; we will escape from all who could prevent our happiness. Say you will be mine, dear Cora—say I may come for you."

The girl replied not.

"You know, dearest, that a public marriage would be an impossibility; my parents never would consent to it; I should lose all. Your people, too, would endeavor to prevent it."

"They would kill me," cried Cora in tears.

Henri smiled.

"Kill you, dear one?" he said. "No, no! you are not one of them—you are not a gipsy. They do not care what becomes of you."

The girl answered not; her heart misgave her. Ought she to allow him to say this—to think thus, when she knew how one at least, loved her.

"Oh yes—oh yes, they do care for me!" she cried. "Oh! indeed, I dare not leave them!"

Henri's brow became clouded.

"What is it you mean?" he cried impatiently. "Is this your love for me? Is this the devotion you have so often spoken of? You have promised over and over again to be mine; are you about to throw insuperable difficulties in the way?"

The girl's tears flowed freely.

"Forgive me, Henri," she said; "but I am perplexed—bewildered. I scarcely know what I am saying. What wonder, then, if I contradict myself. Cannot you ask the consent of my brother?"

Henri curled his lip in disdain.

"Ask *his* consent—no!" he cried. "Not for worlds would I demean myself. He is *not* your brother, and has no right over you. But still, if you love him better than you love me—if you prefer risking my love to risking his, be it so. I will molest you no further."

He turned as if to go.

"Oh, Henri! do not be so cruel!" cried the girl, detaining him. "You know how fondly I love you, and that is why you torture me. Oh! do not be angry with me, and I will consent to anything."

The Colonel and the gipsy were simultaneously affected by this speech. The one uttered a kind of smothered groan; the other a suppressed curse.

Henri came instantly to the side of the trusting girl. "Dearest one!" he murmured, pressing her to his heart, "you consent then?"

"To what?"

"To fly with me to-morrow night?"

She looked scared and frightened for a moment, and sinking her voice to a whisper, said, "Yes."

There was another embrace, a few hurried words, and then Henri le Morneaut, with joy in his villain's heart, walked away.

The gipsy girl, with her eyes downcast, and her hand pressed tightly over her bosom, bent her way towards the tents.

She almost fell into Bamfylde's arms.

The Colonel drew on one side, where he was concealed from her view.

"Ah, Bamfylde!" she cried with a deep blush; "is that you?"

The gipsy gazed at her with a glance of tender reproof.

"Yes," he said, "it is I. You have just left Henri le Morneaut. I have heard all you said to him, and will save you."

The girl's eyes flashed fire. For a moment her pride and her love overcame her gratitude.

"Save me?" she exclaimed. "You use the wrong terms. By saving me in your way, you will destroy me. I refuse to recognize your right longer to interfere with me. I love Henri—I *will* be his wife!"

A bitter smile crossed Bamfylde's face.

"This to me Cora?" he said very gently and tenderly. "Ah, me! could I expect aught else. But never mind; in spite of ingratitude—in spite of everything, I will save you from ruin and disgrace. Go to your tent; I will rejoin you in a few moments and tell you more."

The girl hesitated.

"But ——" she began.

"Cora, go to your tent," repeated Bamfylde, in an imperious voice, and with an imperious gesture.

The girl said no more, but bowing her head meekly, went away. Bamfylde gazed at her until her form had disappeared, and then turned to the Colonel.

Colonel Marchmont was agitated by strange emotion.

"Who is that girl?" he asked.

The gipsy eyed him wih suspicion.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"I have grave reasons indeed," returned the Colonel, "I can assure you I am not actuated by idle curiosity."

The gipsy mused a moment.

"I must have time to think," he said. "I don't know whether I should be right in trusting her secret to another. By to-morrow I shall be able to speak. Come here to-morrow evening, and I will explain to you all I can. Till then, adieu."

He grasped the Colonel's hand, and then, without giving him time to reply, moved away, and walked rapidly towards the tents. The Colonel looked after him for a moment, and then turned back towards Carew House.

Bamfylde found Cora in her tent, weeping bitterly. He sat down by her, and taking her hand, said kindly, "I am sorry to see you weep, Cora."

She looked up quickly, withdrawing her hand angrily.

"You are always saying that," she cried, "yet are ever making me weep."

He smiled sadly.



MISS LOTTA — THE VERSATILE CALIFORNIA COMEDIENNE. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

"Shall I tell you why?" he asked.

"If it pleases you."

"Good, then, Cora! I will trust you with your secret. Thirteen years ago, a man and a woman were hurrying along a lonely road. With them was a child. Wearied of the company of this child, retarded by it in their journey, they deserted it by the roadside, and it would have died had not a young gipsy taken it under his care and saved its life."

Cora's face was suffused with crimson.

"Why tell me all this?" she said. "I know it already."

"Yes, but you do not know who these people were, or who you are. Those people were sent by Lady Constance Carew, the mistress of this house, to take you away from England, because you were the acknowledged heiress of the Carews."

Cora's eyes lighted up with joy.

"Oh! I am so glad—so glad!" she cried. "Henri shall know this—he would not then be ashamed to marry me in public!"

"Death!" muttered Bamfylde, to himself; "and is it for this I have tended her like a child of my own?"

After a moment he proceeded in a somewhat stern voice:—

"Interrupt me not—let me complete the history. Links are yet wanting in the chain of evidence; but even if you are not heiress to all, Henri is not, and never shall be!"

"Oh, it is horrible! how you hate him!" murmured Cora.

Bamfylde paid no attention to her words, but went on.

"Well, I have had sorrows, Cora, and know the fickleness of the world. I look at your future through the medium of my own misfortune, and the terrible deceit I have been the subject of, and I wish to warn you. Dear little Cora—sweet sister—in spite of the anger you exhibit, I *will* save you from that villain; and some day—perhaps in a few hours—you will thank me."

"Never!"

"Well, well, we will see. In a little cottage near Farborough lived a girl called Flora Mackenzie. She was pretty, delicate, gentle-eyed as one could wish to see, and I fell in love with her: I, the humble gipsy, the beggar, the companion of thieves and vagrants, fell in love with her."

"And did she love you?" asked Cora with a smile.

"She pretended to love me—she put on the guise of love in order to deceive me, and I suffered myself to be deceived. For a long, long time I yielded to the sweet dream,—met her again and again—pressed her to my heart, and in the transport of the moment believed everything she said. There was a man who said he loved her also, and he hated me sorely. He was a mean, rascally knave, was Herbert Lennox,—a very white-livered rascal as you could meet in a life's journey, and he swore to betray me. He did. Through him I was seized and cast into prison. I was rescued, however, and with Flora's kisses yet warm upon my lips, I went away believing she would prove true. In a year I returned. They were gone—she and her parents—none knew whither. I was mad—distracted. I thought the world then a blank, for there was no clue to her home. At length, in one of my wanderings, I met a child; he had wandered away among our tents, and lost himself, poor little fellow, and I took him from those who would have stolen him, and went to the first house near us. This was his home: he recognised it at once, and ran in shouting with joy. Like all other people, he forgot his benefactor as soon as joy was once more his, and only thought of his own happiness in being restored to his mother."

"You are hard upon him."

"Time has made me hard on all. I was lingering at the gate when a female form advanced up the garden. It was his mother coming to thank me."

The gipsy wiped his brow. His memories were overcoming him.

"Just heavens!" he proceeded, in a husky tone, as if the scene were but of yesterday, "what a heart's death was there! The woman who approached my side—the mother of this boy—was she for whom I had waited ten years in sorrow, yet in hope."

"'Great heaven! Flora,' I exclaimed; 'tell me—tell me that is *not* your child!'

"I need scarcely have uttered so mad a speech, for the little boy was clinging to her skirts and calling her name.

"She made no answer, but clung to the wooden palings for support.

"'Oh, Flora!' cried I, 'is this the end of all my long, weary wanderings in search of you?'

"She hung her head. She well knew what a crime she had wrought.

"'Bamfylde,' she said, tremulously; 'they told me you were dead.'

"'And you were glad enough to believe them, that you might rush into the arms of another.'

"She flushed crimson.

"She understood what terrible anguish it would be for me to know all; and she feared to tell me.

"'I was obliged to marry,' she answered. 'It is a long story, scarce worth the telling now; but I wedded my husband to save my father from severe trouble.'

"'Married a man you did not love?' I said.

"She replied not.

"A dread suspicion crossed my mind.

"'Cruel, bitter sorrow this is,' I cried; 'whoever may be your husband. But tell me—tell me it is *not* Herbert Lennox?'

"Her agonized look would have been enough to tell me this shameful truth, had she not spoken.

"'Yes, Bamfylde,' she answered; 'I married Herbert Lennox.'

"I waited to hear no more, but fled with a curse—a wildly-vented curse—which I trust heaven has long forgiven me.

"'But I returned.'

"'When?'

"'At night, that I might meet this man, and destroy him.'

Cora laid her hand gently on his arm—a hand white and trembling.

"Say you did not kill him, dear Bamfylde," she murmured.

The gipsy made a gesture of angry impatience.

"Do I look like a murderer?" he cried. "No; I met him not. A kind and merciful providence kept him from my path, while my blood was boiling with hate, or I should have killed him inevitably. A little delay, however, saved him, and I spared his life, though I could not—I cannot forgive her."

"And why have you told me this?" asked Cora.

The gipsy shaded his face with his hand.

"You may well ask, Cora," he said, in a broken voice. "My story has little to do with what we were saying. Perhaps it was because my heart was full, and I could keep silence no longer."

"Poor Bamfylde!" whispered Cora, drawing his head on her shoulder, and stroking his hair. "Forgive me if I spoke unkindly. Poor Bamfylde! I hate Flora—she must have been cruel indeed, and mad to decieve one so good as you."

The strong man could hold out no longer; he took her little hand in his own, and after gazing at it for a time, burst into a passion of tears.

Cora was alarmed. What was it that could affect him thus?

"Oh, Bamfylde!—dear Bamfylde!" she said; "what is it that makes you weep? Do tell me!"

"I have been deceived once," he said, "and I swore I would not suffer myself to be so again. But I had some object in life. I sat myself to the task of bringing you up—of making you superior to those around you—of rendering you, in fact, fit for the circles in which you would one day move. I have done so—what is my reward to be? That you are to be the victim of the first vile scamp who asks you to run off with him?"

Cora was about to speak. Bamfylde stopped her.

"Nay, I speak harshly; but I am right. Before two days have passed I will prove to you that Henri le Morneaut is a villain and a deceiver."

Cora trembled. He would not speak thus confidently were his words but surmise.

"If you prove that," she murmured, "you will break my heart."

Bamfylde smiled.

"No," he said; "I shall preserve it for a better and a happier life."

He then rose, kissed her forehead, and withdrew to his own tent.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH SHOWS THAT HENRI LE MORNEAUT DOES NOT IMPROVE UPON ACQUAINTANCE.

It was on the evening of the same day that Colonel Marchmont, on entering the room where the ball was again at its height, met Henri le Morneaut face to face.

"Ah! M. Henri," he said, "I should be glad to speak with you for a moment. I have been seeking this opportunity for some hours. Can you spare me a moment on the terrace?"

"It is cold there," returned Henri, impatiently; "will not this do as well? Besides, Lady Selina Macdonald is waiting for me."

The Colonel smiled.

"Lady Selina, then," he said, "must wait a few minutes more. I positively must speak to you, M. Henri."

The young man took his way sullenly towards the French windows which opened on to the terrace. Every one was intent on dancing, and did not notice him as he unfastened the casement and went out, followed by the Colonel.

"Well, what is your mysterious errand, Colonel Marchmont?" asked Henri, as he withdrew to the extreme end of the terrace.

"There is nothing mysterious in the affair," said the Colonel; "and even if there be any apparent mystery, that shall end at once, if you wish it."

"I do not understand you."

"I speak of a certain little bill."

Henri started, and eyed the Colonel fixedly.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am Morley Bridgenorth!" cried Marchmont.

"I almost suspected it!" muttered Henri. "And what the deuce right have you—a convicted felon—here in Carew House?"

The Colonel smiled.

"The same right as is possessed by you, an unconvicted felon. But come, we will not bandy compliments. I have thought it best to tell you who I am, lest you should fancy you were here alone in your villany, and able to do as you please."

"I do not see your drift."

"My next question will thoroughly explain it, then. Who is Lady Selina Macdonald?"

Henri uttered a loud curse.

"I do not recognise your right to question me. I not only refuse to answer you, but I will at once go and inform my father that he has in his house an escaped thief."

The Colonel smiled.

"Of him I am not afraid, Monsieur Henri," he said; "but do you not suppose that such a course would be immediate ruin for you?"

"How?"

"I should produce the forged bill."

"Which I should at once say was forged by you."

"Delightful precocity in villany!" returned the Colonel. "Allow me to continue the chain of events. In that case, I should produce Mark Durant, the man who took away from this house Alice Wentworth Carew, and he would tell your step-father a tale which would materially damage your chances of succession to the property."

"He would not believe him."

"Oh, yes, he would, as his testimony is backed by his wife's dying declaration."

"Bah! that might be concocted," cried Henri, contemptuously.

"And last of all," continued the imperturbable Colonel, "if everything failed to make him believe you a rogue, and your mother an impostor, I should produce before him your mother's real husband, your father, who is still alive, and is now in this house."

Henri staggered back.

"You lie!" he cried—"you lie basely! My mother could not have concealed from me so terrible a secret."

The Colonel gazed at him. His eyes were sunken in his head, and a ray from the ball-room showed his face ghastly pale.

"Young man," he said, in a voice of pity, "I have no doubt you feel this revelation to be a terrible one; but I was compelled to make it, in order that you might fully understand yourself to be in my power. I am here for the purpose of retribution, and come what may, my purpose will be carried out. But remember, I do not propose to ruin, but to save you. I come not for revenge, but justice."

"You talk in enigmas," said Henri. "Tell me, does my mother know of the existence of her husband?"

"Yes, I have told her," returned Colonel Marchmont; "yet, believe me, it will be better for you not to speak to her about it. Let it seem at present to be a secret between her and me. But now to my questions. Who is Lady Selina Macdonald?"

"She is the daughter of Lord Adolphus Macdonald."

"She has a fortune, I presume?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"And you intend to marry her?"

"Yes, if she will have me."

"Who, then, is that girl with whom I saw you conversing this morning?"

Henri started.

"What girl?" he asked.

"That gipsy girl. She can be no fit companion for you. If she be a gipsy of the common order, she cannot be a creditable friend; if she be an innocent girl, you have no right to tamper with her affections."

Henri flushed crimson. He had no idea that his *liason* had been discovered.

"You seem to be omnipresent, Colonel," he said; "but you need fear nothing on that score. That girl is pretty, artless, innocent."

"Will you leave her so?"

Henri answered not.

"What do you propose to do with her?" pursued the Colonel; "you cannot marry her?"

Henri laughed.

"No," he said, "the idea is too ridiculous."

As he spoke, there was a rustle amid the shrubbery on the terrace side. What was it? What were those shadows? If Henri had known, how would his heart have sunk within him! Cora and Bamfylde stood there—or rather crouched side by side.

"I wish to hear no more," she murmured; "let us go away."

Her body was trembling as if she had been stricken by the palsy. Trembling, as she was, she would have moved away, had not the White Gipsy detained her.

"Stay, dear Cora," he whispered; "hear all, and be satisfied."

"For what good? I know enough!"

"No, no—listen; they are speaking again."

"Well," resumed Colonel Marchmont, "I would advise you to sever your connection with that gipsy girl. As she is innocent, leave her so."

"Is it part of your programme to force me to abandon this girl?"

"Perhaps so. I hope it will not be necessary to force you."

"I have told you I am not going to marry her," cried Henri; "what harm, then, can it do you—what harm to Lady Selina?"

The Colonel grasped his arm as in a vice.

"Listen to me, young man," he said, "if you seek to destroy that girl, you will have a swarm of hornets about your ears. Leave her to her simplicity, and attend to this wealthy beauty, whose riches are necessary to you."

Henri laughed.

"You use the right word," he cried. "They *are* necessary to me under the circumstances of my new position."

"Procure them, then," said the Colonel. "We have said enough for the present. We now understand each other, and can act without fear of clashing. Go now to Lady Selina."

The young man hesitated.

"But that bill, Colonel—how about that?" he asked.

"Act as I direct," said Marchmont, "and that bill shall never be presented!"

The young man then left the terrace, and entered the ball-room. The Colonel glanced through the curtains, and with a smile approached that part of the terrace where the gipsies were concealed.

"Come with me," he said, "you shall see the finale."

He led the way into the house through the window of a room which was buried in profound darkness, and entered with them a chamber which communicated with the ball-room. Here, behind some heavy tapestry hangings, he concealed them. It was not many moments before Henri and Lady Selina entered. They had just completed a dance; and flushed as she was by pleasurable excitement, the young girl looked exceedingly beautiful. She was about the middle height, with fair hair falling over rounded and exquisitely formed shoulders, as white as alabaster in general, though now a flush of rosy life spread over them. Her eyes were deep blue and shaded by long drooping lashes, her mouth was small and cherry red, her figure graceful, the small slender waist contrasting with the fully developed bust. Henri, as he entered, was gazing at her in unequivocal admiration. Her smiling eyes were bent upon the ground.

"You are more lovely to-night than ever, Selina," cried Henri, as he drew her on to the ottoman.

"You are ever paying compliments," said the young girl. "I am afraid you are a sad deceiver."

"No,—indeed, no! I pay no compliments—I never flatter. I give praise only where praise is due," he cried eagerly.

Selina laughed lightly.

"You say this to each young lady in turn, I presume, Mr. Henri," she said. "You were the centre of a group of six last night, and were bandying compliments right and left."

Henri took her hand. She did not withdraw it.

"Selina," he said, in a low, gentle voice, "the compliments I have paid to others are nothing to you. Let me tell you now what I have long burned to tell you. To others I may speak in flattery—to you, never. I love you, Selina, deeply, devotedly. Will you be my wife?"

The girl was not evidently taken by surprise. She blushed deeply but did not reply.

"Speak to me, dearest!" cried Henri; "tell me that all my fond hopes will be crowned; tell me loved one, that my future will be spent in the endeavor to make you happy."

There was a gentle murmur. Distinct enough to be heard by him.

"Yes."

And one heart beat high in happiness, and one in deep despair.

Which in the end was the happier?

Cora would have rushed forward had not the strong hand of Bamfylde restrained her.

"Interrupt them not," he whispered; "let him have his fill of treachery and deceit."

Cora knelt by his side in an agony of sorrow.

"Oh, Bamfylde!" she murmured in a voice which was so unmodulated as to be almost audible without; "let us go—it will kill me."

"Hush, my dear child!" he said; "we will go soon, but let us not be discovered; it would be a triumph to him, though it would be his downfall."

"He will deceive her as he has done me," murmured Cora.

Bamfylde smiled to himself—a bitter smile it was.

"No, Cora—no! She has twenty thousand pounds. Those are to be his prey. The prey in your case he imagines to be only your beauty and your virtue. Hush! let us listen."

"To-morrow, dearest, I will speak to Lord Macdonald, your father. I may tell him that you love me?"

"Yes."

Then there followed a variety of love-makings, and soft nothings, which it would be useless for me to narrate here, but which sank into the heart of the one who listened.

How terribly she had been deceived! How fatally mistaken! And yet, might he not, after all, be playing a part? Might he not be seeking to gain time?

He might certainly, with the Colonel; he might have been putting him off, but he could scarcely be acting the same part with Lady Selina, who evidently before that night knew not that he was in love with her, or at any rate expected no open declaration?

At length they quitted the room, Henri radiant with joy; Selina still with blushes suffusing her face, her neck, her bosom.

Cora sprang up. She felt as if suddenly released from suffocation.

"Let us go," she cried, dragging Bamfylde from behind the tapestry.

"Yes," said Bamfylde, as he led her forth; "we *will* go now. I think you have heard enough."

They passed unobserved out of the rooms, along the terrace, and into the grounds. The clear frosty atmosphere, with scarcely a breath of wind, suffered sounds to travel to a considerable distance with great distinctness; and when the sounds of revelry from Carew House began to die away, they were replaced by the confused hum of voices, rude snatches of songs, and loud boisterous applause proceeding from the gipsy tents.

"Our people are jovial enough to-night, it seems," said Bamfylde, as he approached the glen with his companion.

"Our people, you call them," murmured Cora. "Would that they were indeed our people! I should be happier, I truly believe, as a mere gipsy girl, than as heiress to that house, the proud members of which will ever gaze with scorn and suspicion upon her who comes to them in so strange a guise."

"No, you are in sad error there," cried Bamfylde. "There is no scorn there for you; there are hearts in that house which would leap with joy could your identity be once established."

Cora sighed.

"Even Henri, did he know all, would cease to despise me," she said.

Bamfylde uttered an exclamation of anger.

"What!" he cried; "are you not yet sickened of him; are you not prepared to tear from your heart for ever the image of one so despicable and so hateful? He has deceived you, cruelly, bitterly. Thank Heaven that it

…s preserved you from deceit more cruel, more irremediable still."

"I am thankful," she said.

And yet in her inmost heart she thought—"What if he has been only acting a part? What if he loves me still?"

The conversation which Henri had had with Colonel Marchmont had made no impression on her mind. She did not, in fact, understand it—had scarcely listened. All that her ears had eagerly drank in, related to Lady Sellina. They now approached the glen where the gipsies were carousing; and suddenly appearing among the trees, were greeted with a noisy shout.

"Long live the King of the Gipsies!—long live the young Queen!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

ACCIDENTS IN THEATRES.

Dion Boucicault has had a great deal of experience among various theatres in this and the old country, and his opinion on matters connected with the stage are entitled to much consideration. The increase in the number of accidents which have of late taken place in England, has called forth the following article from the "fertile brain" of Mr. Boucicault, and as it contains some facts and suggestions which may be of service on this side of the Atlantic, we give it publicity:

"Public attention has been drawn to the necessity of providing against accidents by theatres. It is proposed to afford protection on the stage to performers, especially to the ballet girls, and a ready egress for the audience in case of alarm. The London Managers, at a meeting convened by the Lord Chamberlain, agreed very unanimously that the accidents which have lately occurred to the ballet girls, were wholly attributable to their carelessness; but if the ballet had been favored with a similar interview, they would, with equal unanimity and justice also, have attributed the blame to the managers. The gas arrangements on the stage are defective and dangerous. The ground-light, as it is termed, is an iron gas tube which lies on the stage, and is supplied by a flexible pipe passing through the stage to a gas joint below. This ground-light is tapped for burners at every twelve inches, and the burners employed are of two kinds—the ordinary fishtail or common open burner, and the argand or circular burner, which requires a glass chimney. These latter give the best light, and are essential when blue or red tints are required—an effect produced by the use of colored glass chimneys. These argand burners, in a ground-light are the principal cause of the mischief. A ballet girl's skirts come to her knee, being about eighteen inches from the ground. If she stood over a row of fishtail burners, her skirts would not ignite at that distance; but if she stood for an instant over a row of argands, the heat and fire conducted by the glass chimney will set her petticoats on fire instantly. It is worse than foolish to say that these lights are protected by a low parapet of scenery called a ground-row, sometimes (but rarely) eighteen inches in height; the managers know very well that the skirts of the ballet are so short, and project so far from the figure, that if a girl stands within two feet of this ground-row her petticoats will clear it and extend over the gaslights beyond. It is equally cruel and vain to say that the girls have been warned not to step over these lights; they know very well that it is exceedingly rare for a ballet girl to attempt such a feat as to step over a row of argand burners. The accident occurs thus—When the stage is crowded, and on the entrance of the principals, the ballet are moved back, and thus one girl pushes and crowds upon another; and as they are thus forced backwards with their faces kept turned towards the public, how is the poor girl in the back row to know when her skirts get into danger? These argand burners in ground-lights should be prohibited. It will be a severe deprivation to the painter, who clings fondly to the effect they produce, but there is no help for it. A wire-gause will protect a row of fishtails, but it is no protection to a row of argands, the fire and heat from which will penetrate the guard. All side lights, standard lights, wing lights, and battens should, whether furnished with rows of single jets, or fishtails, or argands, be guarded with a network of wire, of a mesh not larger than one inch square.

The Managers complain that the ballet girls will not make their ballet skirts of the uninflamable muslin, and they can find no means of compelling them to do so. I can find a means. Let the Managers supply the ballet with the skirts as well as the upper dress. These skirts cost about 18s. per girl—no great outlay in Theatres were the Pantomime costs from £1,000 to £2,000 to get up. It is true that the girls are very thoughtless, and perhaps life at 15s. a week, or 18s. at most, with silk stockings, satin shoes, and ballet skirts to find out of it, is not so precious a consideration as it might be, but they are very young, and not accustomed to much consideration from any one, and therefore grow indifferent to their own welfare.

The precautions taken with the view to secure egress for the public in case of fire are excellent in theory, but I venture to affirm would be found totally insufficient in practice. Great stress is laid on the necessity of escape staircases and escape doors. Drury-lane Theatre is quite a curiosity in this respect, and when I was Manager of that establishment I had many an entertaining ramble in those catacombs. Is it possible that any practical or reflecting man can for a moment entertain the idea that a single person in a panic-stricken crowd would avail himself of an unknown and mysterious staircase leading no one knows whither? It has been my misfortune to witness more than one serious alarm of fire in a crowded Theatre. The impulse of the audience is invariably the same; the men are too quick and the women too slow to move, but they all make instinctively for the door at which they have entered; they neither hear nor see, but panic-blind and panic-deaf, they will take no other means to escape. A door may be opened beside them with a palpable egress, and they will not see it, nor can they be made to see it—they only know one way out, and that is the way they came in; they have no confidence or trust in any other. This is very unreasonable, very foolish, very absurd, but it is the fact. An escaping man will rather jump out of a window twenty feet high, where he sees his risk, than enter a staircase or corridor with the issue of which he is unacquainted. All the staircases and corridors of Drury-lane Theatre, wide and spacious as they are, would be found to be useless for the purpose for which they were designed. It is not there the mischief would occur; it is in the first narrow doorway between the auditorium and these fine corridors. Here some poor woman faints and falls down; those next behind her are forced over her; and thus a pile of human beings blocks the doorway in a moment. The obstruction increases the panic of those behind, who jam the mass all the more inextricably. A similar accident might occur in Drury-lane Theatre, in the elbow passage leading from the dressing corridor to the grand staircase.

It would be manifestly very unfair to interfere with the heatres in an arbitary manner by refusing a licence to such as could not show a fully efficient egress for the audience in case of alarm. In the large theatres the entrances is complicated, spacious here, and pinched there; while in the smaller houses the entrances are narrow. They all want simplicity and straightforwardness in design. But if the mischief is built in, and cannot be cured in the manner proposed, the next precaution should be to provide a method for preventing the affrighted crowd from sacrificing themselves; this should be in the form of an impediment to the rush. There is not a theatre in London, however defectively built, where the largest audience it ever contained might not readily clear out of it in five minutes; and there never has happened in any building an instance of a fire which has gained any important hold on the structure under twenty minutes or half an hour.

Practically speaking, then, as theatres are, it is not so necessary to provide extra and supplementary means of egress as to contrive some method of resisting the first panic rush of an affrighted crowd, and obliging them to go out slowly. The late accident in Chili exemplifies my experience remarkably. Here was a large area on a ground floor; the door was large—so large that, although blocked up with bodies, a man was able to throw his lasso over the mass into the church, and drag out a human being. There were also side doors of escape, of which very small avail was made. But the affrighted crowd acted as they invariably do—they rushed to the entrance door. Some woman fainted; she created a block; and thus the egress, which was ample, was obstructed; and had it been twice or thrice the size it would have been blocked. But I feel assured if the church had been divided into pews, and thus an obstacle created to massing a crowd, not a single life would have been sacrificed."

THE BALL PLAYER FROM THE COUNTRY;

OR,

The Man Who Wasn't Good Enough for a First Nine.

In Rochester, N. Y., they have organized a new Base Ball Club, of which the Clipper correspondent, "Item Miser," is one of the officers. As a sort of introductory, he sends us the following sketch about something that once occurred, and in which a "ball player from the country" figured prominently. This is the story:

"As I am President of the new club and your weekly correspondent, by way of making the acquaintance of your Base Bawler, I will (prefacing it with the assurance that we're going "heavy" on the ball this season) give you a little anecdote which a friend of mine relates with considerable gusto. He belonged to one of the best clubs that was ever organized in Western New York, the "Lone Star." They never were beaten, and have won innumerable balls and other trophies from the various clubs in this vicinity, beating the "Live Oak" (a tough club to beat, as their name implies) three times—once by a score of 8 to 7—the Niagara Club, of Buffalo, by a score of 32 to 10, &c., &c. Well, my friend F. was the catcher of our first nine, and your humble servant 2d base. F. was a sure catch and a glorious batter. He was in New York last summer, and accepted an invite from a friend in the Atlantic Club to go over to the grounds and join in a game. He went, and—I'll give his story. "I was put in 'short,' a place I had always desired to play, though our 'boys' insisted on always putting me behind the bat. I say I wanted to play there, because when the English cricketers were here I wanted to try and see if I could take those short, swift balls, as handily as Billy Caffyn did from the wicket. The first ball that came to me was a good sharp grounder. I took it well, and put it in at 1st base livelier than h—l, at about the speed required to send it from home to 2d base in time to head off a man. Old 2d B. froze to it. The very next man put me a fly right straight for my bread basket, and I had to catch it to keep it from going through me. When our side went to the bat, I was looking over the bats, and found a hickory one about the size and weight of the one I had at home. It was a beauty. The fielders had got pretty well down for a long batter just before me, but when they saw that 'fellow from the country' take his 'posish,' they closed up pretty well. I got a good crack at the ball, and sent it kiting clean over their heads, and made a clean home run. Well, all through the game I had unusually good luck, made some d—n good catches, and to tell the truth, I never batted so well in my life. I got one more home run, and would have had more, but 'them Atlantic fellows' field a ball up d—n lively. After the game was over, two or three of them asked me what club I belonged to. I told them the 'Lone Star,' of Rochester. They asked me if I belonged to the 1st nine, and if all the players in our nine were as good as I was. You would have laughed to see them 'bung' out their eyes when I told them that *I couldn't play quite good enough to play on matches regularity, but that they put me on as substitute when some of the nine were sick or something!*"

"I don't know, Mr. Ed., whether you can see any point in the above hastily narrated anecdote, but we can. The good old "Lone Star" was a right glorious club, and would have been playing today, but the stern exigencies of war have thinned our numbers sixty per cent., and especially the 'nine' that never was beaten."

Chester Cup.—The great race for the Chester Cup, the most important handicap race on the English turf, was won by a complete outsider, Flash in the Pan, against whom 40 to 1 was bet at starting. Twenty horses started, and the winner, who is eight years old, and has never won any important race before, was at one time the property of Mr. Ten Broeck, who sold him for a trifle to Mr. Hughes, his present owner. The latter won $80,000 on the race, besides the stakes, which amount to about $15,000 more. For the Epsom Derby, General Peel, the winner of the 2000 guineas, still remains first favorite. This great race takes place to-morrow, (Wednesday) at Epsom.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

REMOVAL.

The Office of the New York Clipper is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

Clipper Shades, Taunton.—"I see in your Clipper, dated May 21st, in answer to a correspondent, 'Quill,' Boston; A bets B $10 that he names the winner of a fight that is to take place; it was a drawn battle. Your decision is that it is a draw. Again, A and B are throwing dice—A throws 12, and bets B $10 that he will not beat his throw. B throws 12; does A win the money? Your answer is, yes, as B failed to beat 12. I want to know the difference between the two bets."......The principle of the two bets is widely different. In the first, when A bets B $10 that he names the winner of the fight, B takes the converse of the proposition, and virtually bets A $10 that the other man wins. In the second, a certain distinctive number is thrown, and B, when he bets that he will beat that number, must actually do so to win. A tie is an advantage which A. by the terms of his wager is fairly entitled to.

G. B. F., Athenæum Club, N. Y.—"1. What was the best time made by Flora Temple, by Patchen, and by Gen. Butler, single harness, mile heats. 2. Has the best time of Flora Temple ever been beaten? 3. Was not Lady Flora a distinct animal from Flora Temple? 4. Which are the five fleetest trotting horses in American annals, stating the best time of each as the standard?"......1. Flora Temple's best time was 2:19¾; Geo. N. Patchen's 2:23½; although in the match against Flora Temple on the Union Course, June 6th, 1860, he was only beaten by a neck in 2:21, yet that record of time properly belongs solely to the winner. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4. Flora Temple, Gen. Butler, Geo. N. Patchen, Peerless, and Lady Palmer.

G. C. B., Milford.—1. Tom Sayers fought Dan Collins, (twice) Aby Crouch, Jack Grant, Jack Martin, Nat Langham, Geo. Sims, Harry Poulson, Aaron Jones, (twice) the Tipton Slasher, Bill Benjamin, (twice) Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, and John C. Heenan; he beat all his opponents except Nat Langham and the Benicia Boy. 2. Jem Mace fought and defeated Slack of Norwich, Bill Thorpe, Posh Price, Bob Travers, Bob Brettle, Sam Hurst, and Tom King; was beaten by Bob Brettle and Tom King; forfeited £50 to Mike Madden in their first match, and bolted the morning of fighting in their second match. 3. We cannot. 4. Yankee Sullivan beat Hammer Lane, Vince Hammond, Tom Secor, Prof. Bell, and Bob Caunt; and was beaten by Tom Hyer and John Morrissey.

T. W. H., New Orleans.—1. Tom Sayers has a brother, but he isn't on the muscle, and no fight is put down to him in the records. 2. It was Billy, and not Jemmy Shaw who fought Charley Lynch—Billy's the son, Jemmy the father. 3. Geo. Holden beat Charley Lynch Dec. 24, 1861, it being Holden's first fight in the P. R. 4. Jack Randall's height was 5ft. 6in.; weight, 146 lbs. He never fought Ned Painter. 5. Old Dutch Sam was beaten twice by Brown, a butcher, and Nosworthy. Sam's height was about 5ft. 6½ inches, and although he weighed only 126 lbs. he vanquished some of the best 140 and 160 lb. bruisers in the country. 6. When the Anglo-American Fistiana is published, we can inform you, but not before.

Billiards, London, C. W.—Our view of the case is that B intended that A should receive as odds in each successive game, as many points as he, B, beat A on the *first string* played; but as B appears to have meant one thing and A understood it differently, we advise that the bet be drawn. Furthermore, as from the not very lucid statements we have received, we do not clearly comprehend the point in dispute, we must decline to decide positively, as we might indirectly be the means of deciding a man's money away wrongfully. Our reply, therefore, must be taken as an opinion merely, and not as a decision. As you remark "it is a sucker game" any way you view it.

Dramaticus.—They are classed as follows:—Tragedian, leading man, second heavies, juvenile, light comedy, low comedy, 2d low comedy, Irish comedian, walking gents, singing walking gent, old man, utility. Leading ladies, first heavy lead, heavy lead and old woman, seconds, juveniles, first walking lady, 2d walking lady, chambermaids, singing chambermaids, burlesque and old women. Then there is the prompter, stage manager, call boy, chorus, ballet, property keeper, wardrobe keeper, and stage carpenters.

W. and B.—From the symptoms you describe, we should judge the dog was laboring under chronic bronchitis with spasm. The treatment consists of a pill, composed of ipecacuanha ⅓ to 1½ grain; camphor 1 to 2 grains; extract of henbane 1½ to 3 grains given thrice a day. A blister or seton may be applied to the side, and the dog kept on low diet. There is little chance of doing more than to relieve a dog laboring under this complaint.

Starlight.—Harry Jones was born at Bristol, Eng., April 18, 1807, and died April 14, 1835; he defeated Brown, O'Lynn, Knowland, Curtain, Collins, Pick, Howe, Simmonds, Raines, Dodd, Savage, Stockman, Barney Aaron, Reidle, Redmond, Watson, Hill, Perkins, and Cooper; was beaten by Ned Stockman, (three times,) Latham, Fisher, Young Dutch Sam, Gibletts, and Tom Smith; and fought a drawn battle with Raines.

R. L. G., Worcester.—A won, both by intention and construction. A "strike" is two "spares," both technical terms, of course. A's meaning, no doubt, was that he would take less than three balls in flooring the pins. Any other construction would involve "a catch," which cannot be permitted in fair betting transactions.

Constant Subscriber, Buffalo.—1. It is contrary to law to carry deadly weapons. 2. Where there are extenuating circumstances, such as you mention, or where a man is in bodily fear, and to preserve his own life, kills or maims his assailant, the law may hold him guiltless; but he should seek the protection of the law before resorting to the use of deadly weapons.

Gipsy, Newark.—The dose of Ethiops' mineral for a 9 lbs. dog is 5 or 6 grains. About the other matter, we may learn some particulars through parties who have recently left here. We have no positive evidence, and therefore can say nothing more than we have already said.

H. L., Cleveland, O.—1. One dollar each week for the same as in this issue. 2. Address John F. Poole, care New Bowery Theatre, N. Y. He resides in Brooklyn we believe. 3. Of the dimensions at present published, about $50.

J. B., New Orleans.—1. She has sung in nearly all the concert halls in the country for the past five years. 2. She is in no way related to the parties you mention.

E. G. H., Harrisburg.—Your last, dated 16th, did not reach us until after we had gone to press; should have been mailed on the 15th, as we go to press on Monday evening.

E. C., Cleveland.—We have no positive knowledge, but think it will, as Coburn told us before leaving that he wished to have it come off in about four months.

Mustang.—J loses the bet, as Alice Hawthorn won the Chester Cup at *four* years old in 1842; so that she could not have made her *first* appearance there at *five* years of age.

Virginia Reader, Norfolk, Va.—1. Con Orem, 150 lbs. 2. Ned Price, about 160 lbs. 3. Con Fitzgerald, also about 160 lbs.

W. G., Bridgeport, Conn.—Bill Hayes died on the 28th of Jan., 1859. Ned Donnelly's death occurred Dec. 23rd, 1860.

W. L.—Each hand must be complete before betting, or commencing the game.

R. McKeown, Nashville.—No. 2 of the present volume is out of print.

J. R. Butterly, Cincinnati.—Mr. Roberts, 96 9th Avenue, can furnish you with a pair.

H. W.—The dealer, with some players, has the privilege, but not the others.

H. A. H., Hainsville.—Send him another note, and if you do not receive a reply, let us know.

Ned B., Toronto.—A deposit should have accompanied your challenge.

Andy. S., Denver City.—Bill Poole was shot on the night of February 24, 1855, and died about twelve days after.

H. G., West Troy.—Do you mean in his fights with Morrissey, Sayers or King, or only one particular man?

Camp 132d, N. Y.—The lowest deals; and the Jack being the highest card in the game, the deal goes to the Queen.

Jack of the Beans.—There is no such organization in existance in this city.

E. S. T., St. Louis.—We cannot tell without seeing the articles.

H. S., Chicago.—Photo. received.

C. W., Pittsburgh.—Will be placed among our card celebrities.

Sport, Trenton, N. J.—Jem Mace was born in 1831.

Joe Graham.—We've got a letter for you.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Hamill and Ward.

PROPOSITION FOR A TWO-OARED RACE.

Our Pittsburgh friends are highly pleased at the prospect of having an opportunity to witness a match for the championship decided on their own waters, and express all praise to Josh Ward for his offer to row on the Monongahela. We, too, are pleased that Ward has so decided, for Pittsburgh is certainly entitled to a sight of the aquatic elephant. We have every confidence that Ward and his friends will meet with the best of treatment at the hands of the Pittsburgh gentlemen, for we have always found them to be good, square men, desiring nothing but a fair field, and honorable competition.

On Monday, 23d, we received the following letter from Hamill in reply to Ward's late card:—

Pittsburgh, May 20th, 1864.

Frank Queen, Editor N. Y. Clipper—*Dear Sir:*—In answer to Mr. Joshua Ward's card in last week's Clipper, I will say, once for all, that I will row him a five mile race over the Pittsburgh course, starting at or from the Monongahela bridge, and of course down stream to the place of turning—namely, two-and one half miles, and back to the place of starting, for five hundred dollars a side, and I will allow Mr. Ward one hundred dollars for expenses. If for one thousand dollars a side, I will allow him two hundred dollars; the race to come off the latter part of July or beginning of August. As to turning, if he considers there is any advantage, I will give him his choice or toss for it. Our course here is an established one, measured correctly, and is in every respect as suitable as any other course in the country. The current at that time of the year is likely to be very little. My backers insist that the acceptance of the above terms by Mr. Ward shall be indispensible. To show that I mean business, I will row Wm. Stevens a five mile race over the same course, for five hundred dollars a side, in one week after the race with Mr. Ward, and allow him one hundred dollars for expenses. The reason for this offer to Mr. Stevens is, that I would like to accommodate the Cornwall and Poughkeepsie gentlemen about the same time. Hoping that the above will prove acceptable to both, I remain yours respectfully.

James Hamill, Pittsburgh.

P. S.—I think, Mr. Editor, that we could give any two gentlemen from Poughkeepsie, or thereabouts, a two oar race for three or five miles for a good purse; the race to come off about the same time as the above. If any of the Poughkeepsie rowers would like to make a race of that kind, let them give notice of the same, and I think they can be accommodated.

James Hamill.

We have not been able to see Ward since the above was received.

It is probable, however, that some objection may be made to Hamill naming the course, with which he must certainly be acquainted. Ward knows nothing of the place, and that is the reason, probably, that in his card of last week he desired to have a voice in the choosing of the course.

We hope some of our rowers will give attention to Hamill's suggestion for a two-oared race.

THE COMING EVENT.

Now that the cheers which followed Joe Coburn on his way to the "Old Country" have subsided, and Joe himself and his doughty companions are almost at their journey's end, it is only natural that we should contemplate the surroundings and probabilities of the contest into which the American has entered with the English champion.

About the time, the place, and the general arrangements, we think it impossible for even the most fastidious to complain. Mace, the hero of the "other side," objects to come here, even if there were not apparent obstacles in the way of his so doing; and, to meet this difficulty, Coburn says at once that he will meet and fight the Britisher, not on English soil (for Joe has his reasons, equally potent with those of Mace for so deciding), but on what must be considered the neutral soil of Ireland. Neutral it must be called, to all intents and purposes, as the fact of its habitation by Coburn's fellow-countrymen must be accepted as the mere equivalent of the English character of the assemblage likely to witness the passage at arms between these two tried knights of the ropes and stakes.

Even in the earlier stages of this affair, there has been something to challenge our approval, in the absence of that idle boasting whose sure tendency is to embitter one party against the other, and to do no good at all. This was potent in the preliminaries of the battles between Sayers and Heenan and Heenan and King. With respect to the former, it was our "cousins over the water" who were to blame, in vaunting the utter impregnability of their hero to all successful attack—a delusion which the battle of Farnborough somewhat dissipated; while the more recent illustration of the sort of thing was given by some among ourselves, in pinning their entire faith on the flag of Heenan. Now, as we have implied, there is nothing of the sort to complain of. Two men, tried experts in their art, and equally matched, are about to try conclusions in a twenty-four foot ring; though, as a matter of course, each has his friends and well wishers, we are spared the nonsense of hearing people talk of the "foolhardiness" of an Irish-American fighter trying his luck with an English one, or of the inevitable certainty of "Paddy cutting smithereens out of Johnny Bull."

All this sort of talk is unworthy of true sportsmen, the field of which, wherever it may be, or whoever may be the contestants, should be an open one. Desires for either man's winning there must be, and these must be governed by considerations of nationality and acquaintance; but beyond this, nothing else should be allowed to intrude.

The Coburn and Mace affair, so far as it has yet progressed, has been greatly wanting in all those acrimonious associations which have been found in other kindred affairs. At the same time, the guarantees of its fair conduct in conclusion are not wanting. Coburn, as we have already stated, has with him men true as steel to their word and engagements. That, in itself, is sufficient to dispel any apprehension touching the repetition of alleged events, of which so much rumor has of late been afloat in connection with another international affair, but concerning which so little that is directly to the point has been elicited.

Take it all in all, the Coburn and Mace battle promises well. It has already created an immense interest on both sides of the water, and the interest is sure to increase daily.

New York on its Muscle.—The Prize Ring does not monopolise *all* the muscular talent of this great city. The Church can boast of a good stock of "crude" material or Christianity in the rough. Our Courts can defend themselves by logic or by the "bunch of fives," for many of our law makers and administrators can just handle themselves like the "Tipton Slasher" or "Cockey Woods," when an interloper gives them "any sass," as the boys express it. In fact, New York is on its muscle from centre to circumference, from the Battery to High Bridge. A neat little thing is mentioned as having transpired among some of our Councilmen one day last week. The Board had been in session, and there was a high old time over some question brought up, and the discussion, "pro and con," was so gorgeous, that one verdant and unsophisticated member had the audacity to rise in his seat and say that the Board had "acted in a most disgraceful manner." This to the broad face of a New York Board of Councilmen! When the happy family adjourned, two or three of the Councilmen are said to have tackled the disgusted member concerning his offensive remark about the Board, and the following report of what followed we find in one of the daily papers:—

Councilman No. 1.—"Did you mean that I have acted in a most disgraceful manner?"

Disgusted member.—"I named no one particularly."

Councilman No. 1.—"See here—if you make such remarks or charges against me, or any member of this Board again, I will mash your head in!"

Councilman No. 2.—"Who are you to talk like that in this Board? By thunder, I am a fighter, and if you ever again make such charges in this Board, I will break your bugle."

The disgusted member—who had no desire for a mashed head or a broken bugle—became more disgusted *out* of the Board than he had been *in* it, and not wishing to prolong the controversy, slunk away like a demoralised contraband, greatly regretting that in giving him an education, his parents had omitted those classic lessons in muscular Christianity—head mashing and bugle disfiguration—which give such a *distingue* tone to the little discussions in life which a metropolitan is occasionally obliged to participate in.

Fined for Violating the Game Law.—A short time since a member of the New York Sportsman's Club entered suit against J. A. Farrington for exposing for sale two dozen quail contrary to law, and the dealer in birds was fined $120 for thus violating the Game Statute. Not liking the decision, he appealed, and on the 17th the appeal was heard in the Court of Common Pleas. The grounds of appeal were that the law for the preservation of game, passed April 23d, 1862, was unconstitutional, as it creates a penalty for the possession of merchandise. Also that the quail having been shown to have been killed in Illinois, the penalty should not apply in this State. The Court on argument held the law to be constitutional, it being deemed necessary for the preservation of birds to make the possession of them as well as the killing of them illegal, and that the defendant must show the birds were killed in Illinois at a time when it was not illegal to do so by the laws of that State. This the defendant was unable to do, and the judgment was affirmed. Persons who attempt to make game of our game laws will have to pay the penalty hereafter, for the Club is determined to prosecute all who in any manner infringe the statute for the preservation of game.

Shutting 'em Up.—The sight of a captain's guard in occupation of two newspaper establishments last week, was certainly a novel one; and the occurrence an unfortunate one for the papers, considering the circumstances. It is not surprising that the well-arranged scheme imposed upon the proprietors of the *World* and the *Journal of Commerce*, for it was a clever forgery, and clever rogues were at the bottom of it. We believe that some of the more influential journals were also entrapped, but having discovered the fraud before the papers were sent out, cancelled a large edition containing the bogus proclamation, and thus saved themselves from the fate of their less fortunate neighbors. For months past there has been too much of this kind of thing, and the government has done its duty in at last taking hold of the matter. There are papers in this city which have for a long time been making this bogus infamy a speciality. Let them be taught that their "sensations" must not trench on treason, and that, once pounced upon for their misdeeds in this line, a heavy guarantee for their better conduct in future will be exacted, if indeed their resumed publication will be allowed at all. It is high time that these pretentious rogues should be roughly dealt by, when, as is frequently the case, they attempt to disturb our finances, and cause wrong impressions of the progress of our national arms to get abroad.

Bogus.—For concocting bogus news, and imposing upon the public, "Howard of the *Times*" is now Howard of Fort Lafayette. In his present quarters, Howard will be able to realize how hard is the way of the transgressor.

THE TURF.

TROTTING RACES AND MATCHES OF THE WEEK.

Sport Abundant on the Union and Fashion Courses—The Hambletonian Stock Again Triumphant—Sweepstakes Race for $1500 Between Three of George N. Patchen's Stock—Burial Place of the Famous New Jersey Stallion—A New Race Course for New York.

Monday seems by general consent to be regarded as a holiday among horsemen, as it is rarely any important race or match is set down for that day, either on the Fashion or the Union tracks. On Tuesday, 17th inst., the visitors to both the above tracks must have been thoroughly satisfied with the abundant sport provided for their enjoyment, there being two races on each course set down for decision on that day. At the Fashion Course, where the attendance was large, the first event was a match for $1000, play or pay, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between two old and well-known roadsters, the bay gelding Dr. Thomas and the gray gelding Dutchman; the former driven by John Lovett, and the latter by Carl Burr. Before the race, so confident were the owners of the respective horses that by degrees the stakes were increased from $1000 to $2200. Notwithstanding this outlay of money on even terms by the owners, the bay horse Dr. Thomas was the favorite at the start, $100 to $75 being currently offered on his winning. The race proved to be a very closely contested one, there being no less than five heats run before the judges could render a decision in favor of Dutchman. In the first heat Dutchman took the lead, and maintained it until approaching the three quarter pole, where he broke, the Doctor following his example, and by this mishap allowing the gray to continue his lead home, and win the heat by three lengths in 2 min. 55½ secs. In the second heat Dutchman took a strong lead until passing the old stand on the back stretch, when the bay, who had been gradually closing the gap, joined issue, and passing him after a sharp struggle on the third quarter, won the heat by three lengths in 2 min. 59 secs. Dutchman won the third heat very easily in 2 min. 57 secs., and the Doctor the fourth in 3 min. 1 sec., after a very fine race. They now stood equal, each having won two heats, and the interest became exciting as they scored for the fifth and deciding heat. Dutchman went in advance all the way to the three quarter pole, where he broke, and the bay's chances brightened considerably. Lovett, however, quickly steadied his horse, and he came home a winner of the heat and race in 2 min. 54½ secs.

The second race was also a match for $500, play or pay, mile heats, best three in five, to go as they please, between W. Little's b m Widow Wilson and C. Brooks' blk g Black Warrior. In the first heat Black Warrior went to harness, but in the second and third he changed his rig and went under saddle. Widow Wilson went to harness in all three heats, which she won in capital style in 2:45; 2:45; 2:46. Subjoined is the summary of the two races:

Fashion Course, L. I., Wednesday, May 17th.—Match $1000, p p, best three in five, in harness.

J. Lovett named g g Dutchman	1	2	1	2	1
Carl Burr named b g Dr. Thomas	2	1	2	1	2

Time—2:55½; 2:59; 2:57; 3:01; 2:54½.

Same Day.—Match $500, p p, mile heats, best three in five, to go as they please.

W. Little's b m Widow Wilson	1	1	1
C. Brooks' blk g Black Warrior	2	2	2

Time—2:45; 2:45; 2:46.

On the Union Course, the match for $1,000, play or pay, between ex-Alderman McMahon's g. m. Lady Ella, and Mr. Richard Waters b. g. Jimmy Lynch, attracted a capital attendance. Jimmy Lynch was trained and driven by James McMann, who so often piloted the little Queen of the Trotting Turf, Flora Temple, to victory, while the veteran Hiram Woodruff handled the reins over Lady Ella. This race was soon over, and may be briefly described. After three attempts at scoring, a beautiful send-off was effected, and they went around the upper turn and to the quarter pole almost locked together in 38 secs., McMann having a shade the best of it. From this point to the half mile, Jimmy Lynch drew away and opened a gap of two clear lengths to the half mile pole in 1 min. 21 secs. Going along the third quarter, Lady Ella struck and cut her near fore quarter so bad that she broke badly and repeatedly in consequence, completely extinguishing her chances of winning the heat. Finding that he had the race in hand, McMann came leisurely home, winning the heat easily in 2 min. 51 secs. Lady Ella was found, on examination, to have cut herself so severely that both her owner and trainer deemed it prudent to withdraw her from the race, and the Judges declared Jimmy Lynch the winner of the match and money.

A race for a sweepstakes of $100 each, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for which there were three entries, was the next event on the tapis. The horses were Alderman McMahon's s. m. Sallie Come Down, R. Waters' blk. m. Little Maggie, and Mr. O'Leary's ch. g. Dobbs Ferry; the latter, however, was withdrawn. Sallie was the favorite at $100 to $50; the owner of the black mare taking these odds to the tune of $650 from the owner of Sallie. This race was productive of considerable amusement and excitement in consequence of the horses being owned by the same gentlemen who belonged to Jimmy Lynch and Lady Ella. Sallie Come Down was driven by W. S. Briggs, while Mr. Waters himself handled the reins over his black mare. The former won the race in three straight heats in 2:54, 2:51, 2:51. The winner, who is own sister to the well-known trotting mare, Sallie Come Up, is a fine slashing young mare, a splendid mover, perfectly sound in all respects, and gives promise of making in time an unusually fast and very superior mare. In the last heat she trotted the last half mile in 1 min. 19½ secs. The black mare, Little Maggie, would have made a much better race had she been handled by an experienced driver; she is a beautiful mover, and will be heard of at a future time to better advantage. We append the

SUMMARY.

Union Course, L. I.—Trotting, May 17.—Match $1,000, play or pay, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. McMann named b. g. Jimmy Lynch	1	1
H. Woodruff named g. m. Lady Ella	2	dr.

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half mile.	Mile.
First heat	38 secs.	1:21	2:51

Same Day.—Sweepstakes $300, mile heats, three in five, in harness.

W. S. Briggs named s. m. Sallie Come Down	1	1	1
H. Waters named blk. m. Little Maggie	2	2	2
—— O'Leary named ch. g. Dobbs Ferry	drawn.		

Time—2:54, 2:51, 2:51.

On Wednesday, the 18th inst., the largest attendance of the season assembled on the Fashion Course, to witness the trot for the association purse of $200, added to a sweepstake of $50 each, play or pay, for horses that at the time of entry had not trotted in less than two minutes thirty-five seconds, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. This race has for some time past excited a very great degree of interest among the patrons of the trotting turf, and the owners of fast horses, as it was understood that the promising young Hambletonian gelding, Dexter, and another well-known fast one of the same stock, Shark, would meet together, and the much-disputed question of their relative superiority would then and there be decided. There were six horses entered, viz.: H. Woodruff's b. g. Dexter; D. Mace's b. g. Shark; R. Waters' gr. m. Lady Shannon; H. F. Jones' b. g. Hambletonian; D. Pfifer's br. m. Empress; and Owner's br. g. General Grant. Only three of the above, Dexter, Shark, and Lady Shannon came upon the track to contend for the prize when summoned by the judges' bell. Among the crowd of interested lookers-on we noticed such staunch and honorable patrons of the recreations of the road and the turf, and enthusiastic lovers of fast trotters, as Commodore Vanderbilt, Messrs. Bonner, Turnbull, Genet, Harker, Alley, Simmons, Stephenson, Truesdale, McMahon, Pettit, Martin, Miner, and many others. At all the sporting resorts in the city, as well as on the tracks, for some days previously, speculation run high on the result of the race between Shark and Dexter, for to these two sons of the famous Hambletonian the interest in the contest seemed to be confined. The former was the favorite in public estimation, as from the promise he gave last summer in his trotting engagements on this track, it was supposed that he was a faster, as well as a more lasting horse than Dexter. In consequence of this impression, the betting men did not hesitate to lay $100 to $80 upon his winning, odds which were freely taken by the admirers of the little brown gelding. The latter argued that in all his previous engagements, in which he had always proved the winner, he never had occasion to fully display his actual speed, and that the public knew as little of his merits then as they did before he made his *debut*. They pointed to his first race on the Fashion Course, where he had beaten Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins, and General Grant with the most consummate ease in 2:33; 2:36; 2:34½—to his races on the Union, where he had defeated Lady Collins and the big Patchen mare in hollow style. On the track we found a change had come over the betting market. Messrs. Somerindyke and Armstrong were kept busy pool-selling, and the prices will give a good idea of the relative estimation in which the horses were held. The first choice, Dexter, sold for $325; Shark, second choice, for $230, and Lady Shannon for $40. The position which Dexter occupied as first favorite, was owing to the favorable impression which his fine, low, sweeping action, regular as a beautiful piece of machinery when going along the track, produced upon the spectators. His fine, easy style of gait reminded us strongly of Captain Rynder's famous mare Widow Machree, and we are inclined to believe that Dexter inherits it from the dam's side (who was by American Star), rather than the sire. Whilst the horses were scoring, the feeling in favor of Dexter kept increasing, and the last bet we saw made was $500 to $300 on him. His old trainer and driver, Hiram Woodruff, handled the reins over him; Dan Mace, of course, was behind Shark, and Robert Walker (who has recently removed from Newark, N. J., to the hotel at the Centreville Track formerly occupied by Jim Bevins) piloted the grey mare Lady Shannon.

First Heat. Lady Shannon had a trifle the best of the start, but the brown Hambletonian quickly deprived her of the lead before rounding the first turn, and at the quarter pole he was a length ahead of Shark, who had passed the gray mare, and taken second place; time, 37½ secs. At the Old Stand Shark broke, as also did Dexter, but the latter was quickly steadied, and at the half mile pole was still a clear length ahead; time, 1 min. 15¼ secs. On the third quarter Dexter widened the gap considerably, but breaking at the last turn, he allowed Shark an opportunity of closing a little. Hiram, however, had him down in a moment, and he came home a very easy winner by three lengths in 2 min. 33 secs., Shark being second and the gray mare last.

Second Heat. The betting was now $100 to $30 on the brown horse, but takers were few and far between. The easy manner Hiram had won the last heat convinced even the warmest Shark supporter that there was no telling how low down Dexter could go—when wanted. After thrice scoring, they got the word to a capital start, the gray mare breaking immediately. Hiram sent Dexter first around the turn, Lady Shannon being second, and Shark two lengths behind her. They passed the quarter pole in 37½ secs., the gray mare, who was trotting well, closing rapidly on him, and just as they got to the Old Stand, and was on his wheels, she broke, leaving Dexter to lead four lengths to the half mile pole in 1 min. 15¼ secs., Shark now laying second. Hiram maintained his lead on the third quarter, and Shark breaking at the turn and running up the home stretch, allowed Dexter to come home at an easy jog in 2 min. 33 secs.

Third Heat. Offers of $100 to $20 on Dexter met with no response. After three failures caused by Shark breaking every time as they approached the score, they got off on even terms. As in the preceding heats, Hiram took the lead before reaching the turn and led half a length before reaching the quarter pole in 37 seconds, the gray mare being second. On the far side, Dexter opened a gap of two clear lengths, and at the half mile led double that distance in 1 min. 13¾ secs.; Shark, who had broken at the old stand, being a length behind the Lady. Hiram widened the daylight on the third quarter to half a dozen lengths, and then finding he had the race in his hand, he eased his horse at the head of the homestretch, and without exposing the true capabilities of his horse, came home an easy winner by half a dozen lengths in 2 min. 30 secs., Lady Shannon leading Shark over the score, and taking second honors.

The result of this exciting race convinced every one who witnessed it, that in the young Hambletonian gelding, Dexter, Mr. Alley possesses a horse of extraordinary merit, whose future career on the trotting turf promises to be a most brilliant one. Many good judges declared that Hiram could have brought him home in the last heat, if wanted, in 2:25 or 2:26 at the outside. Indeed, we heard a gentleman next day express his willingness to match him in three races for $1,000 or more each race, at mile, two mile, and three mile heats, against Mr. Monnot's famous young Hambletonian mare, who has just exchanged hands for the princely price of $12,000.

SUMMARY.

Fashion Course, L. I.—Wednesday, May 18.—Purse $200, with a stake of $50 each, play or pay, for horses that had never trotted in less than 2:35. Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

H. Woodruff named b. g. Dexter	1	1	1
D. Mace named b. g. Shark	2	2	3
R. Walker named gr. m. Lady Shannon	3	3	2
H. F. Jones named b. g. Hambletonian	dr.		
D. Pfifer named br. m. Empress	dr.		
Owner b. g. Gen. Grant	dr.		

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First Heat	0:37½	1:15¼	2:33
Second Heat	0:37⅜	1:15¼	2:33
Third Heat	0:37	1:13¾	2:30

The same day (Wednesday) was set down for the match for $2,000, mile heats, best three in five, on the Union Course, between Mr. Sam Truesdale's b. m. Lady Clifton, to wagon, and Mr. McKeever's b. m. Village Maid, in harness. These two had trotted a match for a similar amount, and under similar conditions, on this track last fall, on which occasion Lady Clifton proved the winner. The Village Maid party were not satisfied with the defeat of their mare, and the present match was made. She was trained by George Crooks, but her owner, McKeever, drove her himself, while Dan Pfifer had the charge of the Lady. There was a large attendance present, notwithstanding the counter attraction of the Dexter trot on the Fashion track. Disappointment, however, awaited them; for, just before the hour appointed for the start, a heavy thunder storm broke, the rain descending in such violent torrents, and continuing for such a length of time, that trotting was out of the question, and the match being made "good day and good track," it was postponed until the next fair day. It is no less strange than true, that on the Fashion Course not a drop of rain fell, and the race there, as already described, passed off without interruption.

The adjourned match came off next day (Thursday) with a considerably diminished attendance, there being an opposition race on the Fashion Course. It is a pity that the two tracks cannot make their arrangements without clashing, as they have done nearly every day last week; the interests of both materially suffer in consequence. Come, Messrs. Crocheron and Shaw, let us see a mutual spirit of accommodation manifested, and allow the public, who do not possess the faculty of the Irishman's bird, of being in two places at once, a chance of witnessing the Sport on both tracks. On arriving at the track, we found Pfife's mare the favorite in the money market, $100 to $50 being taken to some money, until at last $100 to $70 was the highest offer. The track was in splendid condition, for notwithstanding the heavy rain of the preceding day, the admirable absorbent nature of the soil showed no evidence of it, and the going was first rate. The first heat was productive of a beautiful race, for although Lady Clifton led to the half mile, Village Maid lapped her on the next quarter, and after a magnificent contest, so close were they together as they crossed the score, that the judges unanimously declared it a "dead heat," time, 2 min. 35 secs. The second heat was a magnificent race throughout; they both got off on equal terms, rounded the first turn together, passed the quarter and half mile pole yoked together like a double team, so along the third quarter and into the home stretch, head and head, stride for stride, without a break or skip, and eliciting the loudest and warmest expressions of admiration from the intensely excited spectators. Within a few lengths from home superior driving told, for Pfifer who had husbanded his mare's powers for the last moment, drew ahead, and amid loud cheering won the heat by half a length in 2 min. 35¾ secs., McKeever using the whip freely but ineffectually in the last few yards of the race. Lady Clifton won the third and fourth heats, after two very close and exciting contests, in 2 min. 40 secs. and 2 min. 40½ secs., thus winning the match and money. A more magnificent race, it was acknowledged by all, was never trotted on the old Union track of Long Island. We give the

SUMMARY:

Union Course, L. I., Thursday, May 19th.—Match, $2,000; mile heats, best three in five.

D. Pfifer named b m Lady Clifton (to wagon)	0	1	1	1
J. McKeever named b m Village Maid (in harness)	0	2	2	2

TIME:

	Quarter.	Half Mile.	Mile.
First Heat	39½	1:18½	2:35
Second Heat	39½	1:18	2:35¾
Third Heat	39½	1:20	2:40
Fourth Heat	40	1:20¼	2:40½

The same day Mr Turnbull's s. m. Minnie and Dan Mace's s. m. Young Litchfield trotted a match for $1,000, two miles and repeat, in harness, over the Fashion Course. Minnie was trained by Dan Pfifer, and would have been driven by him, had not the adjourned match on the Union track, reported above, prevented his attendance. Hiram Woodruff was therefore retained in his stead, while Dan Mace drove his own entry. The betting at first was even, although we saw $100 to $80 laid, first on one horse and then on the other, according to the fancy of the partisan better. After two closely contested heats, Minnie won the match and money, coming in first in both, in 5 min. 21¼ secs. and 5 min. 23 secs. Both the driver and trainer were rewarded with $100 each.

SUMMARY.

Fashion Course, L. I., May 19.—Match for $1,000; two mile heats, in harness.

H. Woodruff named s. m. Minnie	1	1
D. Mace named s. m. Young Litchfield	2	2

Time, 5:21¼; 5:23.

On Friday, four horses, Dexter, Lady Collins, Lady Ellen and the Patchen bay mare were entered for a purse and stake of $300, mile heats, 3 in 5 in harness, on the Union Course. It proved a walk over, for well knowing the uselessness of going against a horse who two days before had trotted and won a third heat easily in 2:30, the others withdrew, and Dexter got the stake money.

While on the track the other day, our attention was called to the grave in the centre of the enclosure, in which are laid the remains of the much regretted New Jersey stallion, George M. Patchen. It is surrounded by a border of box, and the turf above it looks greener and fresher than that around it. A short distance from, and close by the judges stand, lie the remains of the celebrated racer, Bonnets of Blue, the dam of the renowned four mile victress of Boston, Fashion. We understand that Patchen's late owner, Mr. Waltermire, is having the skin of the dead hero stuffed, and set up in a counterfeit presentment of him when living. His loss will long be felt among the breeders of fast horses for the road in the State of New York and New Jersey. Since his death, a sweepstakes race between three of his produce, H. F. Jones' bay stallion, Mr. Marshall's black stallion and J. Doty's big bay mare, who went last week against Dexter, has been arranged. The stakes are $500, half forfeit, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and the race will come off on the Fashion Course next September.

The return of Mr. John I. Snediker to the well-known hotel at the Union Course, where for so many years he and his father before him used to entertain the sporting visitors to the favorite old track, was signalized on Wednesday last by a complimentary dinner given to the host by his many friends. About one hundred and sixty sat down to the superb banquet provided, and a most delightful meeting was enjoyed under the well-known old roof-tree.

The project for establishing a race course easy of access for New Yorkers, and which, had the war not broke out, and Mr. Ben Whitlock lived, would have been in operation two years ago, is again revived and likely to be carried into execution. Two of our leading merchants and wealthiest citizens have taken the matter in hand, and have already purchased the Bathgate Farm at Fordham, in Westchester County, and advertised for proposals for the construction of the race course and erection of a large and elegant stand. It will probably be ready for opening this fall. There is no doubt but that New Yorkers would patronize racing here, as the access would be easy, cheap, and pleasant. We hope to see it soon in operation.

The great match between Mr. H. C. Beckwith's famous bay gelding Prince, who last year trotted a mile on the Fashion Course, L. I., in 2 min. 24 secs., and J. Meade's sorrel gelding Sorrel Dan, (formerly called Dan Mace), for $5,000, mile heats, best three in five, the former in harness and the latter under saddle, came off on the Trotting Course at Hartford, Conn., on Friday, the 20th inst. This match has, ever since it was made, created a great amount of interest among the sporting men of Boston, New York, Providence, Hartford and the Eastern States. Mr. Beckwith, the owner of Prince, is a young gentleman of immense wealth, belonging to Hartford, with a strong partiality for the sports of the turf, and owning a splendid stable of horses. Indeed, he has publicly offered to match five of his horses (including Prince and General Mead) against any other five trotting horses in the United States, all belonging to the same owner, for $10,000; the races to be mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Mr. Mead, the owner of Sorrel Dan, is a Boston gentleman, a staunch patron of the turf, and the husband of the beautiful and talented actress, Lucille Western. Both owners backed their horses very spiritedly, and heavy amounts were dependent on the result in New York, Boston and Hartford. Prince was trained in Hartford, and Hiram Woodruff was specially selected to drive him. James Turner trained Sorrel Dan at the Fashion Course, L. I., and rode him in the race. On the day of the race Sorrel Dan was the favorite at $100 to $40 and even $100 to $30 was invested on his winning; after the first heat $100 to $20 went a begging. The favorite won in three straight heats, as will be seen by the subjoined

SUMMARY.

Hartford Trotting Park, Friday, May 20—Match for $5,000, mile heats, best three in five.

J. S. Turner names s. g. Dan Mace, (to saddle)	1	1	1
Hiram Woodruff names b. g. Prince, (to harness)	2	2	2

Time 2:32½, 2:31½, 2:31¼.

Mr. Beckwith has matched Prince against the renowned trotter John Morgan for $2,500 aside, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, to come off on the 3d of June. Morgan is also owned by Mr. Mead, and it was mutually agreed between himself and Mr. Beckwith, that whoever lost the match between Prince and Sorrel Dan, should have the privilege of naming the course for the Morgan trot. As Mr. Beckwith is entitled to the privilege, we presume he will select the Hartford track as the scene of contest.

We have before us a beautifully executed photographic likeness of Mr Henry Genet's celebrated black gelding, General Butler, taken from a picture painted for the owner by Mr. Theodore Marsden, an artist who is fast taking the very highest position among the animal painters of the present day. The likeness of the noble horse is a strikingly faithful one. Mr. Marsden is the artist who painted the original picture of Mr. Bonner's celebrated double team, Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, now so familiar to all through the numerous beautiful photographs Mr. Bonner had executed for private distribution. He has also received several commissions to paint the likenesses of our best and fleetest trotters, among them one from Captain Rynders of the famous Widow Machree and her young Hambletonian colt, and another from Mr. Petit of the handsome sorrel mare Lady Emma. He has also completed two fine portraits of Robert Fillingham for his owner, Mr. W. Simmons.

ST. LOUIS RUNNING RACES.

The spring meeting of the Laclede Association commenced on Saturday, May 14th, and the course was attended by about 3000 persons, a large number being ladies. The meeting continued for seven days.

First Day, Saturday, May 14.—The first race on the card was a mile dash for all ages, for a premium of $200, for which the entries were Abu Beker, 4 years old, Mamona, 6 years, Zigzag, 4 years, Breeze, 5 years, in which order the horses came over the

score, Abu Beker winning in 1:47. Prince of Wales was withdrawn before the start.

SECOND RACE.—Boatmans' division post stake. Purse and stake, $4750; four mile heats; nine entries.

Mr. McGrath named ch. s. Rinordine, 5 years old, by Waggoner, dam Ann Watson, by imp. Glencoe	1	1
Mr. Alexander named b. m. Bayflower, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam by Bayleaf	2	2
Mr. Hogan named g. s. Thunder, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet	3	dis.

TIME.

	1 Mile.	2 Miles.	3 Miles.	4 Miles.
First heat	2:03	3:59	5:51	7:45
Second heat	1:49¼	3:44	5:41	7:46½

Bayflower, who had won the four mile race last fall, was the favorite, Thunder next, and Rinordine last; but it was evident that Thunder was not in condition, and it was as much as Gilpatrick (his jockey) could do to save him from being distanced in the first heat; after which, by permission of the judges, he was withdrawn.

First Heat.—Rinordine, Thunder, and Bayflower ran as they are named, with but a length between them, till the first half of the fourth mile was passed, when Thunder showed evidence of fatigue, and notwithstanding the whip was freely plied, Bayflower took second place, Thunder falling off to nearly the distance stand as Rinordine passed the judges' stand about three lengths in front of Bayflower.

Second Heat.—Rinordine led by a length from the start, and kept that position to the back stretch on the fourth mile, where Bayflower challenged for the lead, but failed in her object, as Rinordine won the heat by a couple of lengths.

SECOND DAY'S RACES, May 16th.—First Race—Premium of $300, mile heats, free for all ages.

John McClay names s f Skedaddle, 4 yrs old	4 1	1
J. B. Kelly names b f Monsoon, 4 yrs old	1 2	2
B. F. Hutchinson names b h Laclede, 4 yrs old	3 4	3
Dr. Weldon names b c Leather Lungs, 4 yrs old	5 3	4
Barnes & Barry names b m Rainy Night, 4 yrs old	6 5	d.
W. H. Renfrew names b m White Eye, 4 yrs old	2	dis.
J. T. January names b c McChestney, 4 yrs old	dis.	

Time—1:48½; 1:48¼; 1:49½.

The race was well contested by Skedaddle and Monsoon, who were about equal in the betting.

First Heat.—White Eye took up the running, with Monsoon well up to her at the half mile, and passing her on the last turn—the two being well together on the home stretch, but Monsoon winning the heat by a length.

Second Heat.—This was only contested between Skedaddle and Monsoon, the latter leading into the last turn, when she was passed by Skedaddle, and Monsoon was pulled up to save her for the

Third Heat.—When a sharp struggle took place for the lead, which was taken by Gilpatrick on Skedaddle, from Monsoon at the half mile pole, from which point a sharp race only ended in favor of Skedaddle by a length.

SECOND RACE.—Sweepstakes $1350—mile heats, for 3 year olds, nineteen nominations.

Only six entries came to the stand—Mr. Alexander's bay colt Norfolk, by Lexington, dam Novice, who won both heats; Mr. Ward's b. c. Tipperary, by Ringgold, 2d; and Loadstone, Star Davis filly Scotland and Neutrality distanced in the first heat.

Time—1:46¼; 1:47.

THIRD DAY'S RACES, May 17th.—FIRST RACE.—Association Premium $500—mile heats, free for all ages.

W. H. Renfro named b m Mamona, 6 years old	1	1
Col. McLaren named b m Vignette, 6 years old	2	2
Dr. Weldon named b h Mat. Davis, aged	2	dis.

Time—1:50; 1:46½.

Some idea was promulgated that Mamona would not be allowed to win, which was indignantly repudiated by the judges and owners of the other horses; the result proved the maliciousness of the insinuation, as she won the first heat by three lengths, and the second heat by only half a length, after a sharp struggle. Gilpatrick rode the winner.

SECOND RACE, Premium $500, two mile heats, free for all ages.

J. Harper names s h Bowen, 5 years old, by Vandal dam, sister to Venture	1	1
J. Kelly names b h Legal Tender, 5 years old, by Sovereign dam, the dam of Idlewild	2	2
Morton and Simms named br h Capt. Allen, 6 years old, by Imp. Sovereign	3	3

TIME.

	First Mile.	Second Mile.	Two Miles.
First heat	1:54	1:55	3:49
Second heat	1:48	1:58	3:46

First Heat. This was a pretty contest, the horses ran well together, and Bowen only passed under the string a length in advance of Legal Tender.

Second Heat. The Legal Tender led to the first quarter pole as on the first heat, where he was passed by Bowen, who entered the second mile three lengths ahead. Legal closed up a little of this gap, but was finally beaten by half a dozen lengths.

The ladies premium of $1200, 3 mile heats for all ages was run for on Friday, and Rinordine won both heats. Time 5:41½, 5:43½. It was supposed that over $200,000 changed hands on his victory in the four mile race on Saturday, May 14th.

BILLIARDS.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.—Among all our home sporting events, perhaps none elicits a more general interest than a match for the American Billiard Championship, because no game is more extensively played, and because we have more real first class billiard players, and such as will compare favorably with the leading players of any other country, than in any other of our pastimes requiring as much skill, steadiness of nerve, cool judgment, and *physique* combined. In fact, we have every reason to believe that our best billiard artists are more expert than those of any other nation; for, notwithstanding the most liberal offers, the leading players of England and France have declined to enter the lists with our players in a match based on equitable terms. The forthcoming billiard match for the American Championship, now definitely fixed to take place on the 9th of June at the Hippotheatron, in this city, between Dudley Kavanagh, the present Champion, and William Goldthwaite, the New Hampshire Meteor, will be one of the most interesting of the leading sporting events of the season. This will be the third of the new series of Championship matches, Kavanagh having already met and vanquished John Seereiter and Philip Tieman. Whether he will bear off the palm in his forthcoming encounter remains to be seen. There is a large minority who think he will not; while, on the other hand, the majority, judging from his well-known skill and previous successes, think he will. That he has an easy task before him, we presume neither himself, nor friends, nor, indeed, any one who has witnessed the dexterous handling of the cue by Goldthwaite, will for a moment allow themselves to believe; least of all will Kavanagh do so, for he knows that to underrate an opponent is the first step towards defeat. We are of the firm belief that it will be one of the stoutest contests yet seen, barring any considerable run of ill luck on one side or the other; for in no game is "that glorious uncertainty," often referred to in connection with cricket, more frequently exemplified than in the game of billiards. In proof, we may point to the one-sided affair between Seereiter and Kavanagh, and the fluctuations in the later match between Tieman and Kavanagh.

Kavanagh and Goldthwaite are both said to be sanguine of success, and both are striving their utmost to be in the best of trim on the eventful evening. We have not very recently witnessed their manipulations with the cue, but the report reaches us that both are doing some astonishingly big and smart things therewith. Betting, as yet, may hardly be said to have begun, but as the day draws near, and on the night of the match, we shall expect to see and hear of a liberal dealing out of greenbacks. As some CLIPPER readers may not be posted on the terms of the match, we here state for their information, that it is for $500 a side, and the gold mounted cue, (the badge or sceptre of the American Championship), 1500 points up, at the American carom game, 2⅜ inch balls, to be played on one of Phelan & Collender's four pocket tables, which are by far the best adapted for the American game of any that now are or ever have been in use. The Hippotheatron is an extensive edifice and superior to Irving Hall for the purpose, and we shall expect to see it well filled on Thursday, June 9th.

BILLIARDS IN ENGLAND.—Roberts, the billiard champion of England, played two matches at Nottingham on May 5th and 6th, with W. Dufton. On the 5th, Roberts gave Dufton 375 points in 1000 up, but failed to reach his opponent until the game stood 998 to 976, when the Champion passed him, and won the match. During the match, which occupied over four hours, Roberts gave some fine displays in obtaining red hazards, the most he obtained in succession being 13, and his highest break 71. On the 6th, a match, 500 up, was played, Roberts giving 200 points, but no extraordinary breaks were made. The largest break of this match was 50, scored by Mr. Roberts, who ultimately won by 31 points.

AQUATICS IN ALBANY—THE SILVER BELT—RACE TO COME OFF, &c.—The boating season has at last arrived, says the *Albany Morning Express* of May 20, and we can assure our readers that it will surpass all former ones. The boys seem bound to try and do their best. A dozen matches can now be made where one in former seasons failed. Boats and houses have been overhauled, painted, &c., and everything is ready for the first race. It will take place on May 25th (next Wednesday), at six o'clock P. M., over the new course, starting from the first new dock, north of the Boston Ferry slip, on the east side of the river, rowing one and one half miles up and return, between the four oared shells "Stranger," and "Gersh Banker," for the championship of the city. We wish to say to those who desire to see the races this summer, that they should be on hand at the appointed hour, as the managers are always on time. The second race will take place on June 1st, for the Champion Silver Scullers Belt. This splendid prize, (the gift of the lovers of aquatics in this city,) is now in the hands of the jeweler, Mr. James Mix, and will be finished about the 25th of this month. This will be the "bone of contention" with our scullers; and to those who doubt it, let them visit the boat houses and look for themselves. The belt will be placed in the hands of Messrs. Wm. H. Haskell, Jacob C. Cuyler and R. V. De Witt, Jr., who have been selected to act as Trustees. The belt, as we have stated before, is to be a "challenge" belt, and is open to all residents of this city who wish to compete for it. All necessary information can be had of the Trustees.

PISCATORIAL.—The season for stream and fresh water fishing is with us, and many modern Waltonians have already got out their rods and reels, and have betaken themselves to the localties where trout and other favorite varieties of the finny tribe most do congregate. We have had but few days that have not been a little too cold and windy for successful hooking, but the weather has now the appearance of becoming settled and warm, when we may look out that windy anglers do not get us on a string about their big strings of fish. These, however, chiefly belong to those who swear, and therefore catch no fish. On crossing Harlem Bridge the other day, we accosted a youth of about seven summers, who was trolling a line of worsted with one of his sister's hair-pins attached: "What luck, sonny?" we asked. The youthful Izaak, with solemn visage, but with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "Nothin' to-day; but yesterday, mister, I cotched a fish 'bout the bigness of a halibut." We guess he'll do.

SPORTING MATTERS IN CANADA.—One of our New York friends, "S. E.," who is now sojourning in Canada, sends us the following under date of Peterborough, May 14th, 1864:—FRANK QUEEN.—Having a few leisure moments, I thought I would drop you a few lines descriptive of one of the gay sporting towns of Canada West. There is a ball club, cricket club, skating club, and chess club here, also an amateur theatrical club. They are about building a race course in this place: the location (a fine one), has been selected, and in a month or so I will be able to speak further about it. Peterborough is situated on the Otonabee river, in the township of Monaghen and County of Peterborough; is a place of considerable size and importance; its population has now reached about 11,000, and is rapidly increasing. A railway connects it with Coberg, Port Hope and Grand Trunk R. R.

☞ "The American News Company," agents, 121 Nassau street, New York.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs. .... $4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " .... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from .... $3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 1-tf

HARRY JENNINGS

has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"



No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,

and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

ALBANY SHADES, No. 3 East Houston street.--- JOHN DWYER, Proprietor. Mr. Dwyer hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that he has taken possession of the above elegant Saloon, famous for its superior Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and hopes by civility and courteousness to merit the continued patronage hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon him. EXTRA NOTICE.—Private Instruction in the Art of Boxing. 1-5t*

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 43-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
1-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"

Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.

"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 1-tf

"CLIPPER SHADES,"

52 MONTGOMERY STREET, JERSEY CITY.
Best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. Clubs, Dumb Bells, Boxing Gloves, free for the use of visitors.
PETER MALLOY, Proprietor.
Private Instruction in the Art of Self-Defence. 1-11t*

SPORTSMAN'S HALL,

COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now proprietor of this sporting hostelry, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.
Public Sparring every Saturday evening.
Private Lessons given in the Art of Boxing. 1-7t*

THE CHAMPION! THE CHAMPION!!--Greatest Music Hall and Concert Saloon in the City! No. 654 Broadway, between Bleecker and Bond streets. MISS KATE STANTON, Proprietor. The gorgeous decorations, architectural beauty, and capaciousness of this mammoth Music Hall are unsurpassed in the world. The most attractive and bewitching lady waiters are to be seen at the Champion. Superb Viands, fit for an emperor; grand orchestral music; an unsurpassed Shooting Gallery, under the superintendance of Prof. Julius Dorge. CHARLES GROVESTEEN, Manager and Director. Admission free! 1-3m*

THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

202 CENTRE STREET.
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON. [3-tf] HUGH RILEY.

THE LONDON TAVERN,

No. 105 MERRIMACK STREET, BOSTON.
JACK TURNER .... Proprietor.
The above establishment is now fitted up in good style, and the Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars are of a superior quality.
The Art of Self-Defence Taught by Jack Turner. 4-4t*

TO ALL WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN.

BESIDES THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.
BE IT KNOWN THAT
HARRY EASTMAN
HAS OPENED A HOUSE,
49 CHERRY STREET, NEAR BROAD,
Nashville, Tenn.
Where all good things can be found in the way of Wines, Liquors and Segars. Strangers visiting this part of the country call and see him, and be sure of being treated well. 6-5t*

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.

MICHAEL HENRY .... Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 6-3m*

JOHN ASH, wishes to inform his friends and the public that he has sold out his saloon on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, and may hereafter be found at the
UNION HOUSE, 649 WEST 42d STREET,
Where the best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars are always kept on hand. LODGINGS by the Day or Week. 7-1t*

"THE PASTIME,"

NO. 100 EAST HOUSTON STREET,
EAST OF THE BOWERY.
Best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, constantly on hand.
RICHARD HOLLYWOOD,
Proprietor.
N. B.—Private lessons given in SPARRING. 7-7t*

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,

100 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR & M. STANTON, Proprietors.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
7-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

THE X-10-U-8,

No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS .... Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

THE WIDOW PHILLIPS' BENEFIT.

THE PRIZES TO BE RAFFLED FOR MAY 30TH AT NED WILSON'S.

A very fair house, but not so good as we anticipated, assembled at the Stuyvesant Institute on the 20th inst. The weather was very close, and this together with Clute's benefit at the New Bowery, when the "Tom and Jerry" scene was played, with the boxing thrown in, and Charley Fox's at the Old Bowery, with a new sensation play by Mrs. C. K. Fox, all on the same night, had considerable to do with the place not being as full as we expected, and it is very lucky for the originators of the affair that the City Assembly Rooms was not hired as intended in the first place. To make the show attractive, Messrs. Mike Brady and Billy Borst procured a silver goblet for the best jig dancer, a sett of boxing gloves for the best sparrer, and a sett of Kehoe's Indian clubs for the best club swinger, all of which were displayed on the stage to the admiring gaze of the spectators. It was found necessary to do this, or get up something new, to insure a good attendance, as the late Charley Phillips was known to but few people in this city, except the young fellows brought up around Albany, many of whom are snug in their boots, and seldom if ever attend exhibitions. Our acquaintance with Phillips doesn't extend further back than the Fitzgerald and Ned Wilson fight, and although we never saw him half a dozen times, his nature was so genial, and his heart so open that, after understanding the man's peculiarities, it was impossible not to have a good opinion of him. If this was the case on a limited knowledge, we can readily conceive how much he must have been attached to those brought up and reared with him, and therefore cannot wonder that his memory is cherished by them, and that for his sake the widow and orphans are not forgotten. In Albany, where Phillips was known as well as the town clock, a very fine exhibition was gotten up for the same laudable object some months ago, and the two together will no doubt be the means of enabling the respected young widow to start in some quiet little business in her native city. Such is our hope and trust.

Tom the Boatman started the entertainment with Milage Cornell and Jack Whitney, who, although engaged to spar at the New Bowery on the same evening, to keep their word good and in admiration of the cause, were there, determined to spar if they had to do it before empty benches, which should not be forgotten when the Professor himself is up for popular suffrage. From the suavity of "Cracker Jack" it was quite apparent that he was on his pretty and had been training for the Bowery affair, to try and best Scrimmage, so as to win bouquets and admiration from the theatre lassies, ballet girls, and female auxiliaries, (the uneducated call 'em "supes") in whose eyes Milage is looked upon as a "hell-roarer," to use the words of our Jim when he wants to italicise his speech. This time Jack was not afraid of his face, but dealt out and received welts sufficient to make some folks sick; he felt very lively, and hopped about on one leg like a prairie chicken with a dose of shot in its tail, and as Milage is on the hop, too, there was a pair of 'em.

While Uncle Bill was looking up the sparring fraternity, Prof. Schafer, a "gentleman from Ireland," head fiddler at Willoughby & Miller' Dancing Academy in Broome street, took a seat on the stage and started up a reel on his cremona, and presently Messrs. Collins and Goodwin, two young men connected with M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, came forth, led by Tom the Image Broker, attired in pink knee breeches, red clogs, white shirt, and rosettes, and started off with machine-like precision in a Double Clog Reel, keeping as correct time as Sperry's time-pieces, and rattling off alternately some very pleasing and complicated steps. It was worth half the price of admission to see this alone.

Joe Foote, who evidently had made up his mind to take those clubs if he received justice, took up the 35's and after exercising with them better than any man we have yet seen, followed with the 20's and 12's, all of which he handled to perfection. Joe very sensibly abstained from making any remarks while putting 'em through, which we were glad to see. At the request of Father Izzy, who sported his buckle and horse as large as life, Master John Wright sang, "Mother, Kiss Me in Thy Dreams" in beautiful style, and barring a slight discrepancy in the time, sang it better than three-fourths of the nigger minstrel balladists do. Johnny has a very sweet voice, and we've often wondered that some of our minstrel companies have not snatched him up long ere this.

Mike Coburn and Charley Walker took up the line of battle after the harmony, and a lively thing they made of it. We always like to see Walker put on the gloves because he lets out and don't care a—you know. This time, though he had a chap who likes rushes as well as the Count Joannes likes hash, and when Charles, intent on slaughter, came after Michael like the fabulous Bull of Bashan, the Champion's brother had much the best of it by his coolness in outflanking the opponent of Harry Abrams. When standing off it was about an even thing, and did please ye spectators muchly.

Harry Hill, whom Tom the Boatman said was "very poorly," clinched a pair of 35 lb. clubs, and with eyes upraised like a Methodist parson saying grace, swung them round about and round about several times, afterwards subjecting the 20's to a similar fate. Like father, like son, the junior branch of the family, Little Dick, instead of a song or dance, changed off and operated with a pair of 4 lb. clubs very cunningly.

When Tommy Thompson stepped out for a jig, his partizans roared like thunder, because a silver goblet was dependent on the issue, and they thought it would look just as well in the Thompson family as any other. However, the two T's is used to this sort of thing and got to work in his usual easy style, going through a dozen different steps or so, and then skedaddling. "Here, that won't do! Come back, you—surreptitious nonentity!" shouted Jem Colbert, and he had to do it, dancing "some more," and receiving another outburst from the corduroys. Young Golden followed Tommy, and "shook himself," keeping up the work for fifteen or twenty minutes, and dancing right well. This kinder made Tommy's friends begin to think that he ought to have another chance, and in answer to a vociferous appeal, he re-appeared, this time giving a French *pas de seul* entitled "Lanegan's Ball." It is but due to Thompson to say that he never spreads himself where others were up for a dance, and his friends believe him almost invincible. Johnny Barry was too ill to appear, which he very much regrets.

Ed. Lowery and Dwyer, Brooklyn youths, peppered each other as affectionately as two Tom Cats, sparing not, neither showing mercy, but mashing away like gold-beaters. The Dwyer was not Billy, but his brother. Larry McCarthy (Molineux), and Bill Bennett got in some salamagunders, and exchanged a number of smashes on the horn, and busts in the snoot, much to the amusement of all but themselves. Molineux hasn't appeared in public for some years and was consequently a little out of practice. Jim Coburn and Mike Brady enjoyed a *siesta*, an easy, sociable affair: Jim didn't let out as usual, not wishing to take advantage of the gentle Mike, who doesn't have the gloves on once in twelve months, and cannot therefore be expected to be equal to Jem Mace; time was though, when very few of Brady's heft or inches could take any liberties with him. Billy Borst and Jim Kerrigan's set-to was very fair, but Billy hits out wild when in close quarters, like chopping meat, instead of letting it go bang from the shoulder: he has the muscle and the grit and the spondulics, and all that, but merely does this for exercise and pastime—therefore, although not up to the tricks like Jim, he deserves much credit for sparring at all: the affair was highly amusing to John Borst, than whom none can appreciate fun better. Two friends whose names we couldn't catch, owing to the Boatman speaking in short hand, had the privilege of pummelling away at one another's nob without let or hindrance, or so much as yea yea, or nay nay.

The wind up, which was to have been between Fat Jack Evans and Izzy Lazarus, but wasn't, owing to the roasting heat, was between Young Barney Aaron and Mike Trainer, and terminated a very good night's sport. The respective merits of Barney and Mickey are so well known that we cannot say more than that for science and agility they eclipsed all before them. Just previous to the set-to, Tom Bowen thanked the audience and the volunteers on behalf of Mike Brady and Billy Borst, the getters up of the testimonial for the widow and orphan children of Charley Phillips.

In regard to the prizes, for the distribution of which Messrs. Burns, Roome, Lazarus, Colbert and Aaron were selected as a committee of judges, it was thought best to adjourn to a neighboring saloon to determine who should have them, which was done by the crowd going to Hill's, where, after a little discussion, without a dissenting voice, all claimants waived their claim, thereby avoiding much hard feeling and jealousy, as it is a matter of impossibility to give entire satisfaction in these matters, and agreed to put them up to be raffled for at 25 cents a chance, the proceeds from which to go to the cause. The raffle comes off on Monday evening, May 30, at Ned Wilson's, corner of Bleecker and Greene streets, the prizes consisting of a silver cup, a sett of boxing gloves, and a pair of Kehoe's 12 lb. clubs. Here's a fine chance to show good feeling, and as the tickets are only a quarter, it won't break anybody to buy one.

MIKE TRAINER HIS OWN BOSS.—"The boy with the auburn hair," in conjunction with Mike Stanton, has now full right, title and possession of the premises on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, the "Saddle Rock Oyster and Dining Saloon," where hereafter the two Mike's will be most happy to see all their friends and the rest of mankind. The best instruction in the art of self-defence may be had from the skillful brother of Jemmy Trainer, as well as the greatest courtesy and civility, for Mike is a gentleman in every sense of the word.

IZZY LAZARUS GETS A NUGGET.—The other evening we were shown a massive silver buckle and horse, attached to a fob, which Johnny Lazarus sent to his father through J. B. Booth the actor. The buckle is ornamented with teams and teamsters and the horse, which is of solid silver and faultless in execution, is four or five ounces in weight. John also sent a beautiful diamond ring to Mrs. L. He doesn't forget the old folks at home, you see.

GOT HIS OLD POSISH.—The tall and stately Mike Smith, lately returned from Port Royal, has been reinstated with all the honors and emoluments (except back pay,) to his old position in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Michael is enough like Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, to be his brother. The Army and Navy (Yard) forever!

PHOTOGRAPH OF TOM COLEMAN.—Harry Lazarus, of the X-10-U-8, has a splendid photograph of this gay and festive California hero, who lately fought a duel with Billy Mulligan at Reese River. Go and see it.

A PICTURE FOR LEARY.—Jimmy Hamill, the aquatic champion, through Johnny Mackey, sent on a splendid lithographic portrait of himself to his friend, Denny Leary of 12 Engine. The portrait is gotten up in the same style as Newbold's pictures of Bob Chambers in almost every respect, and makes a very showy picture for a bar-room. When Hamill and Ward pull their third great match for the Championship of America in July, it wouldn't be a bad idea for some enterprising photographer to "take 'em" on the River, together with the surrounding scenes. Who'll try it?

JIMMY ELLIOTT NOT OUT YET.—Notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts made to secure the release of Elliott, our most influential judges and politicians have been unable as yet to get him out of the Jersey hulks. It is a bad place to get caught in, and we hope they will go no further than a fine, to pay which we should like to see some steps taken towards getting him up a grand benefit. Who'll start the ball in motion? Elliott is entitled to an exhibition, more than three-fourths of those who do have them.

A SUBSTANTIAL BENEFIT FOR JOHNNY AARON.—It will be good news to the majority of our sporting readers to learn that Barney Aaron and some others are negotiating for one of the East-side theatres, wherewith to get up a good big house so as to enable the eccentric, but unfortunate Johnny Aaron to get on his pins again. Johnny hasn't seen a well day for the last two years. If the affair is but managed right, it must be a great success. Let his friends see to it that the benefit comes off as soon as possible—two weeks at the farthest, and let the New York sports give Johnny one good rousing benefit, for he's never had one yet, as we all know. By the laying out of a little money, the affair can't help turning out a bumper.

ED LOWERY has removed from the "Camp Crystal" to 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, the establishment being known as the Fulton Ale Vaults. In addition to his stock in trade, Ed has introduced a new feature in the City of Churches by fitting it up as a concert saloon, and employing—well, you'd better go and see for yourself.

ON HIS LAST LEGS.—Reports from Washington bring the sad news that Ned Price's condition is worse and worse, and his constitution is gone beyond redemption. Of course he has every luxury that money can buy, but what is the value of money in comparison to health? It is as nothing.

THE OWNEY GEOGHEGHAN AND DOONEY HARRIS FACTIONS.—Quite a hullabaloo occurred at the last exhibition at the Stuyvesant, owing to a split in the camp of those who have hitherto befriended Dooney Harris. His singular conduct towards Marley has lost him a heap of friends, and it is now alleged that although he has 600 "cases" in his "kick," he refuses to part with a dollar towards procuring Jimmy Elliott's release. This has but added fuel to the flame, and at the aforesaid benefit the factions were red hot for mischief, and high words passed between those who heretofore were considered the best of friends. It all arose from a challenge from Owney Geogheghan through a friend, and the McClellan boy was for having it out that very night, and in a room, which the Borough boxer wouldn't stand, and for the present things remain "as you were." On leaving the Stuyvesant, a Dooney man hauled off and let an Owney man have a punch in the snoot, which sent him spinning into the arms of a policeman, and but for that there might have been a free fight. Keep cool, boys, the dog-days are coming.

TIM DERMODY AND JOE FOOTE'S SOIREE AT THE STUYVESANT.—Saturday evening next, May 28th, comes off the exhibition extraordinary for the benefit of the well-known club swingers, Tim Dermody and Joe Foote, for which, we are informed, the following professionals have volunteered:—George C. Dobson, banjo teacher; Johnny Barry, Tommy Thompson, and Young Golden, jig dancers. Bone solo, by Jake Smith. Essence of Old Virginia, by Charles Sturgis. Fencing, by Messrs. Hein and Freidrich. Club swinging, by Ed. Russell, Harry Hill, Tim Dermody, and the Ace of Clubs. Joe Foote and David Dorion will put up a 200-pound dumb-bell with one hand. Sparring will be represented by James Heenan, J. Coburn, Con Fitzgerald, Mike Trainor, B. Aaron, D. Holliwood, M. Dorsey, M. Coburn, Ed. Lowry, C. Lynch, D. Kerrigan, Johnny Cady and Billy Hay, of Yorkville, and Milage Cornell and J. W. Whitney, who will wind up the evening's sport.

DICK HOLLYWOOD'S NEW RANCHE.—The accomplished young feather weight, Richard Hollywood, has removed from No. 15 East Houston (opened on the 21st inst. by Harry Clifton, as the English Shades) to No. 100 in the same street, where he will always be ready to serve up the liquids or initiate gentlemen into the mysteries of the art of boxing in the quickest and most finished manner possible. Merchants, clerks, and others of sedentary habits, would do well to give Hollywood a call.

DAVIS AND DALEY MATCHED AGAIN.—Although the former match between these Nevada Territory chaps went by default, Bill Davis, writing to us from Virginia City on the 17th ult., says:—"As I expected, I made the necessary arrangements to fight Daly on the 19th of June, last night." Davis was to have started soon afterwards for San Francisco, where, assisted by Bill Clarke and pupils, he would give a sparring exhibition.

DUEL BETWEEN BILLY MULLIGAN AND TOM COLEMAN.

BILLY WOUNDS HIS MAN, BUT ESCAPES SCOT FREE.

Ever since we chronicled Billy Mulligan's departure from this city and his subsequent arrival in California, we have been looking eagerly for some account of his movements, knowing very well that he wouldn't be out in that country long before he would make himself felt. The "warming" he had received at the hands of the press of San Francisco, from which place Billy was expelled by the Vigilance Committee, didn't suit William, so he took up his quarters in Austin, Nevada Territory, and hadn't been there long before he figured in a shooting match, the particulars of which have been forwarded to us by a friend in California. They will be read with considerable interest by all who knew the gallant Colonel, who bluffed off the notorious Count de Revere a year or two ago, and fought so gallantly on the plains of Mexico in company with the late Jim Hughes. But to the duel.

A duel was fought at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 20th ult., at Austin, Reese River, N. T., between Billy Mulligan and Tom Coleman. The origin of the quarrel is not publicly known, but it is supposed to be of a strictly personal nature. The preliminaries were all arranged about eleven o'clock the night previous, and before the appointed hour, the principals and their seconds, and some two hundred spectators were on the ground. Mulligan was the challenging party, and Coleman having the choice of weapons, he chose revolvers at ten paces, advancing after the first fire, at the option of either party. Captain J. Dunican and Mose Haynes acted as the friends and Dr. N. R. Davis as surgeon for Mulligan; E. L. Bradshaw and C. H. Patchin, with Dr. Morton, as surgeon, acted for Coleman. Promptly at the appointed hour the men were placed on the ground. Coleman won the choice of position and word, the agreement being, that when placed in position they should receive the word thus: "Gentlemen, are you ready?—*fire!* after the word fire, both to fire indiscriminately." Both the principals exhibited the utmost coolness and the most unflinching nerve, though it was evident that Mulligan had somewhat the advantage, as his easy movements showed evidences of his being an expert, while Coleman appeared somewhat awkward and clumsy. After taking their positions on the ground, Barney Mulligan shook hands with his brother, and retired. Mr. Bradshaw gave the word "Fire!" and both pistols were discharged almost simultaneously. It was a moment of great anxiety to the spectators, as, from the reputation of both parties being expert pistol shots, it was generally thought that at least one, or perhaps both, would fall at the first fire; however, both shots fell short. At the second fire, Mulligan's shot broke the second finger of Coleman's right hand, which occasioned him some difficulty in cocking his pistol, though he maintained his position without flinching, and continued firing, all his shots, however, seeming to fall short, as Mulligan did not receive a scratch.

It is thought that Coleman's first shot went off prematurely, as the ball struck close to the feet of Captain Dunican, throwing the sand in his face.

Mulligan's fifth shot took effect in the fleshy part of Coleman's thigh, inflicting only a slight flesh wound. His last shot was made with such deliberation, that it seemed almost impossible that he should fail to kill his antagonist, but the ball went wide of its mark. Mulligan cocked his pistol, evidently thinking he had another shot; but seeing Coleman hesitate, or having some difficulty about cocking the pistol, he said—"Are you out, sir?" Coleman replied: "I believe I am," although he had fired but five shots. After the first fire, Bradshaw said to Coleman, "Tom, raise your fire." Both parties maintained their original position, firing without advancing.

At the conclusion, Mulligan desired the pistols loaded again, but the seconds very properly would not permit it. There was no attempt on the part of the authorities to prevent the fight, and no arrests made.

JESSE HATTON TO JOE COBURN.—By the last steamer from Europe we received a letter from Jesse Hatton, host of "Old King's Head," London, tendering Joe Coburn the hospitalities of his house on his arrival in London, etc. Hatton has had considerable experience in the London Prize Ring, and probably might be of some service to Joe; but as the latter had taken his departure before the letter arrived, Hatton's kind offer could not be made known to Coburn. The letter is an evidence that the match is creating much talk in London, and we herewith let our readers see what the Bristol Pug has to say upon the subject:—

THE OLD KING'S HEAD, Leicester Square, London, April 28th, 1864.—FRANK QUEEN.—*Sir:* Seeing that you are interested in Joe Coburn's welfare in his coming fight with Jem Mace, and as he is now about to leave for this country, and presuming that he has not made any arrangements when he arrives in England, I venture to make him the following offer, viz., to meet him at Liverpool and bring him to my establishment in London, where he can stay as long as he likes: and should he be short of £50 or £100, I will find it. I will also see him right through his match with Mace; and should he be the man I take him for, through reading the account of his fights in your paper, I think he is sure to win. As I have fought some of the best men in England, I flatter myself that I am a little bit of a judge. Should Joe accept of my offer, please to understand that my establishment is the largest sporting house in London, and frequented by American and English gentlemen who heartily wish him success on this side of the water. I hope you will oblige by forwarding the accompanying letter to Joe Coburn as soon as possible, as an early answer will oblige yours respectfully, JESSE HATTON, Champion of Kent.

THEO. ALLEN ARRESTED FOR BOUNTY SWINDLING.—Quite an exciting scene occurred in broad day light on Broadway on the afternoon of the 18th inst., by the arrest and attempted rescue of Theo. Allen, a great sporting celebrity of this city, (by order of General Dix,) against whom many complaints have been made for alleged bounty swindling. Theo. was discovered in Mercer street, and when officer Burns arrested him and attempted to take him towards Broadway, it is asserted that he drew a pistol and snapped it at the officer, but fortunately the cap didn't explode. Officer Carroll, of the 27th Precinct, then seized Allen's pistol, and he was taken to Broadway, and there a rescue was attempted by certain of his friends who are known to the police as Broadway statues; but detectives Kelse and Radford reaching the spot, drew their revolvers upon the gang and kept them at bay while Allen was being handcuffed and put into a Broadway stage which officer Burns had chartered for the occasion. Had pistol firing become necessary, the result must have been fatal to more than one person, for before the arrest had been completed, Broadway from Prince to Spring street had become a jam. Theo., it will be remembered, was umpire for Con. Fitzgerald in his fight with Ned Wilson at Port Penn, Joe Coburn officiating for the latter. Allen is a slim built natty little fellow, always dressed to kill, but one of the spunkiest men in the country. He and Coburn were deadly opposed to each other, and it's a great wonder they never had an "encounter."

A VERY EXTRAORDINARY PRIZE FIGHT.—The following account of a fight, said to have actually occurred, but about which we have very grave doubts, appeared in the Detroit *Free Press* of May 11th: "Our readers will remember Frank Tessot, who figured in a prize fight at Sandwich a few years ago. We announced not long since that a fight had been arranged for $2,500 between Tessot and Joseph Cibloni, of Philadelphia. Tessot is a Frenchman, and has for some time resided in this State. His weight is one hundred and fifty-four pounds. Cibloni is an Italian—weight one hundred and ninety-nine pounds. He has figured in numerous fights, having left nine of his antagonists dead on the field. The fight came off as arranged, on the 1st day of May, at Oporto, a little town near the Grand Trunk road, about five hundred miles from this city. The day was snowy and unpleasant, but a large crowd assembled to witness the fight, which lasted altogether nine hours, fifty-six rounds being fought. Both men were knocked down, and blood drawn on each on the first round. It was fought with the greatest spirit and determination throughout, one or the other being knocked down on each round. On the last round, as the ground was slippery and snowy, Tessot's foot slipped, and he came down upon his knees. Cibloni immediately caught him around the neck and choked him. Tessot, by a desperate effort, raised himself, and hurled Cibloni upon his back, placed his knee upon Cibloni's breast, crushing it completely, and struck him five blows in the face, battering it to one bleeding, shapeless mass. Cibloni expired without a struggle or a groan. Tessot is now lying in a hopeless condition, having been given up by his physician. It was one of the most desperate fights on record."

PRESENTATION TO BILLY DONNELLY.—On Wednesday evening, May 18, Billy Donnelly was presented with a very handsome fireman's trumpet by his friends and the members of No. 3 Engine, of which "masheen" our young friend is the Assistant Foreman. The presentation took place at 161 Avenue B, and afterwards the boys had a good time in the way of liquids and a collation. We regret our inability to attend, but Billy has our best wishes for his prosperity at all times. There are few, if any, younger members of the Fire Department than Donnelly fulfilling so honorable an office. He was chosen assistant about a month ago, but has been a member of No. 3 for some time.

JOHN ASH'S REMOVAL.—We have often had occasion to mention John's name in relation to sporting events, putting up deposits, etc., but this time we have to call your attention to business matters. Be it known, therefore, that John Ash has removed from the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets (leaving Mike Trainor in full possession), away up town, No. — West Forty-second street, near the Weehawken ferry. John patriotically calls his hotel the Union House, and is prepared to serve up dinners for from one to a hundred people, while his sleeping and boarding accommodations are not behind any in the neighborhood.

TESTIMONIAL TO PROF. WHITNEY.—This expert teacher of boxing is shortly to be tendered a complimentary benefit at the City Assembly Rooms by his pupils and friends. "Cracker Jack" deserves it, and ought to be able to draw a big house.

AN ADDITION TO THE FOOTE FAMILY.—On the morning of the 20th inst., Joe Foote, the famous clubbist, was surprised at beholding another little club swinger added to his family. The head of the firm is as happy as a lord and proud as a king with his childer, which he declares is the sweetest little cherub in America, and as pretty as a picture. Av coorse.

JOHNNY MACKEY TO FOLLOW JOE COBURN.—The hero of Pittsburgh, who so lately came near getting "croaked," has bid adieu to the Smoky City, leaving his hotel with Johnny Loudon, and is now in this city awaiting the departure of the next steamer bound for Liverpool, whither he goes to assist Cusick and Dunn in looking after Joe Coburn. Mackey's experience and knowledge of the Old Country will be very valuable to Coburn should he intend giving exhibitions before the fight, as the four star gladiators would create the biggest kind of an excitement all over Great Britain. Johnny, except a little more flatness about his bugle, which struck first when he was coming down from his flying trip on board the "raging canawl," looks gay and is able to take his rations with the same *naivette* as in days gone by. He expects to leave this port on Saturday, the 28th inst., when there will no doubt be a large delegation to see him off.

THE GLOVES IN PITTSBURGH.—At the Irish Comic Singer and Humorist, Ben Wheeler's benefit on the 16th inst. at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., a new feature was introduced by the appearance of the following first-class sparrers: the four Johnnies—Mackey, Loudon, Hamill and Newell—together with Williams, Hughes, and Toney and Newell—all of whom set-to, except Johnny Newell, who was on hand, but couldn't get on with anybody, although right willing. The wind-up was between Johnny Mackey (his last appearance previous to leaving for England in the City of London, from Pier 44, foot of Charlton street, on the 28th inst.) and his pupil and successor in business, Johnny Loudon; although Mackey had not entirely recovered from his late injuries, the master and pupil made a clever and amusing set-to, and caused much laughter and applause.

OPEN AIR FESTIVAL AND PIC-NIC AT HARRISBURG.—On Tuesday, the 31st inst., the soldiers in and around Harrisburg, Pa., are to give a grand excursion, when prizes will be given for sparring and jig dancing, a silver card basket and sett of boxing gloves for the former, and a silver goblet for the latter. Three judges are to be selected, one from New York, another from Baltimore, and the third from Pittsburgh. Capt. Zack Orem and Scotty of Brooklyn will take a hand in the sparring, and a general "invite" is extended to all the sparrers in the country. The proceeds of this affair will be laid out in the purchase of a very fine sword to be presented to Col. Jordan, of the 9th Penn. Cavalry, who has just returned from Tennessee after two years and a half's campaigning. We hope the pic-nic will be a success.

JOHN MORRISSEY, Tom Cregan, Johnny Earle, and several big turfmen, were very liberal in contributing towards the Widow Phillips' testimonial, and that, too, voluntarily.

BALL PLAY.

THE GRAND MATCHES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

The series of contests that are to take place in Philadelphia this coming week for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, commencing on Wednesday, the 25th inst., and continuing four days, should attract a large concourse of spectators to witness a game of ball in Philadelphia. The programme arranged for the four days' play is as follows:—On Wednesday, a match takes place between selected nines from the prominent clubs of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, State vs. State. On Thursday, the contest will be between the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and the Eurekas, of Newark. On Friday, the match will be Athletic vs. Nassau, of Princeton College, and on Saturday, the attraction will be either the Olympic vs. Nassau or Eureka, or a match between a selected nine of the Philadelphia clubs and a nine chosen from among the players of the New York and Brooklyn clubs who may be present on the occasion. Admission to the grounds on each day will be twenty-five cents, and at the close of the series of games the proceeds will be handed over to Mrs. John W. Forney, Chairman of the Fair Committee on Amusements. The Philadelphians expect a numerous delegation of ball players from this State, and those going from this city will take the steamboat for Philadelphia from the foot of Barclay street, either at 2 P. M. on Tuesday afternoon, or on Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock—fare, $2.25.

THE UNION PRIZE MATCH ON THE STAR GROUNDS.—One of the most interesting and well played games we have witnessed for some time past, was that played on the Star grounds, on Saturday afternoon, the 21st inst., it being the first of the series of "Union Practice Games," as they are called, in which prizes are contended for. The contestants on the occasion were, on the one hand, ten of the best players of the Star club, and on the other, a side of ten composed of three of the first nine of the Atlantic, three ditto of the Resolute, two from the Eckford and one each from the Excelsior and Star clubs, making up a team of as skillful players as can be seen in the best games of the season, including, as it did, such players as Crane, Chapman, Pratt, Manolt and Rogers. The game opened in favor of the field nine, who scored on the first three innings 7 runs to their opponents' one; the Stars, however, rallied on the 4th innings and added 5 runs to their score after putting out their opponents for nothing, and in the next four innings scored a total of 13 to the field's 9, the totals of the game at this period being 19 to 18 in their favor. In the last innings, however, the field added 3 runs to their score, and put out the Stars for a blank, thus winning by a score of 21 to 19.

The game was played according to the fly rule, and the amended rules of the game were strictly adhered to throughout, the pitchers keeping both feet stationary on the ground while in the act of pitching the ball, and both Chapman of the Field side, and Kelly of the Stars, filled their novel positions in the most creditable manner throughout, the former being a troublesome customer to bat against. The first five innings were played in the unprecedented time of 45 minutes, and the full game in a few minutes less than two hours, thus proving in this instance the assertion that the fly game can be played in less time than that in which the bound catch is permitted.

A feature of the contest was the entire absence of any unfriendly or acrimonious feeling on the part of the respective contestants in their conduct to each other, as is too often one of the results of club matches between rival organizations, and were there nothing else to recommend these Union Practice Games for general adoption, this one fact would suffice to make them a desirable class of contests.

Of the general play on the occasion we have especially to notice on the part of the Star side, the admirable play of Waddell at 1st base; the beautiful stops and accurate throwing of Flanders at short field; the excellent play of Thompson as catcher, and of Norton in the field—a beautiful fly catch marking the latter's play in the right field—as instances of skill worthy of high praise; and on the Field side, the very effective catching of Crane, the fine fielding and fly catching of Manolt, the good base play of C. Smith at 1st base, and Rogers at 2d, and of Langley and Wilson in their respective positions, merits special remark. In batting, Norton of the Star side took the lead, marking his score with a clean home run, the only one of the match; he was closely followed by Rogers of the Resolute club, who made the next best score at the bat, and Manolt of the Eckford, who tied Rogers score except in the instances in which both were put out once, Rogers making his 1st base each hit he made, while Manolt was put out on the fly once.

Next to these came Langley of the Excelsior and Wilson of the Resolute. But all of the players, with one or two exceptions, batted well, McDiarmed and Morrison being the only players who failed to secure the 1st base during the game, and both of these players ordinarily rate as good hitters, the former especially.

There were two bats and two balls put up as prizes, Norton and Rogers taking the two former, and Manolt and Flanders the two latter. Had there been more prizes, Waddell would certainly have been entitled to one for fine fielding in his position

The Umpire gave his decisions fairly as regards impartiality, but he erred in one respect, and that was in asking the player who touched or tried to touch his adversary while the latter was trying to make his base, whether he touched him or not. This no Umpire should do, as his duty is only to judge of a play according to his own opinion of it, unaided or biased by that of any one else. The Umpire should in all cases decide the question promptly and according to the first impression the play makes on him, otherwise he is very likely to decide partially; but he should especially avoid any appeals to the opinion of others on any matter bearing on the decision he makes. The success attendant upon this match will of course lead to the playing of others, at Hoboken as well as at Brooklyn, and we learn that the second of the series is soon to take place on the Capitoline Grounds, at Bedford, on the practice day of the Atlantic Club. We append the score of the game:—

BATTING.

FIELD.	O.	R.	STAR.	O.	R.
Kraney, c	4	1	Mitchell, 3d b	4	2
Manolt, l f	1	4	Waddell, 1st b	3	2
Langley, 3d b	2	3	Lennon, l f	2	2
Rogers, 2d b	1	4	Flanders, s s	3	2
Chapman, p	2	2	Norton, c	1	4
C. Smith, 1st b	3	1	McDiarmed, r f	4	0
Morrison, c f	6	0	Worth, 2d b	3	1
Wilson, s s	2	3	Kelly, p	2	2
T. Smith, r f	3	1	Thompson, c f	3	2
Pratt, r s	3	2	Manly, r s	2	2
Total		21	Total		19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Field	4	1	2	0	2	1	4	4	3	21
Star	1	0	0	5	0	2	4	7	0	19

Umpire—M. M. Chichester, of the Eagle Club.
Scorer—Mr. Cooper.
Passed Balls—Crane, 7; Thompson, 7; Norton, 2.
Home Runs—Norton, 1.
Fly Catches Made—Norton, 2; Thompson, 2; Worth, 1; Mitchell, 1—total, 6. Crane, 3; Manolt, 2; Rogers, 2; Morrison, 2; Wilson, 1—total, 10.
Catches Missed—Pratt, 1; Rogers, 1; Kelly, 1; Crane, 1; McDiarmed, 1.
Put Out on Foul Balls—Star side, 9 times; Field side, 8 times.
Put Out on Bases—Star side, 9 times; Field side, 15 times.
Time of Game—One hour and fifty-seven minutes.

MANHATTAN VS. RELIANCE.—The following is the score of the game played by these clubs at Harlem on the 13th inst.:

BATTING.

RELIANCE, OF NEW YORK.	O.	R.	MANHATTAN, OF HARLEM.	O.	R.
Black, r f	3	4	A. Ingraham, 1st b	2	1
Akin, s s	2	2	Ketchum, p	4	1
Badeau, l f	1	3	G. Ingraham, 2d b	3	2
Brown, c	1	3	F. Lockwood, 3d b	2	2
Norton, c f	3	1	Milliken, s s	3	0
Griffiths, p	2	2	Brown, p	2	1
Baker, 1st b	2	2	Crooker, c f	2	1
Stillman, 2d b	0	4			
Werner, 3d b	4	0	Total		8
Total		18			

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Reliance	7	4	2	2	2	1	18
Manhattan	4	8	0	1	0	0	8

Fly Catches—Messrs. Baker and Stillman, of the Reliance; and Messrs. Brown and G. B. P. Ingraham, of the Manhattan.
Umpire—Mr. S. F. Sniffin, of the Washington.
Scorer—Mr. Dunning.

CRICKET.

THE SATELLITE CLUB.—The Satellites intend having quite a good old time of it on their new grounds on Thursday, May 26th, on which occasion they play their first game on the Union Ball and Cricket Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., the club having removed to the same from their old locality at Green Point. Preparations have been made to make the day an event in the annals of their club. They have invited cricketers and ball players who play cricket, to join them in their game, and expect to have a full attendance, not only of cricketers, but of lady spectators. As usual, the Satellites will not let their friends depart without giving them a taste of their hospitality. They especially desire the attendance of the members of the New York and Manhattan clubs.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.—Monday, the 16th, was the day appointed for the opening play of this club, but owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, they postponed operations until the 23d inst. The New York Club will play games this season with the Philadelphia Club, and also with the Boston players, to which city they will proceed in July. The Albany clubs also intend having a shy at them. Their first game will be the return match with the Atlantic Base Ball Club, the contest this time being at cricket, eleven of New York vs. twenty-two of the Atlantic. This bids fair to be a very interesting game. Hammond has joined the Atlantics, and will teach them how to win cricket matches.

A CRICKET MATCH was played on the grounds of the Boston Cricket Club at East Cambridge, Mass., on the 17th inst., between two elevens selected from the employees of the establishments of Townsend & Draper and Draper & Sumner, and Wilbur, French & Ward respectively. From the recent rains the ground was not in a very good condition, and consequently the score was small comparatively, although there was some good play shown on both sides. The first named eleven won the match by half a dozen runs. The opening match of the Boston Club has been postponed until Wednesday, 25th inst.

A SINGLE WICKET CRICKET MATCH was played at Bridgeport, Ct., early in the present month between R. Gardner and W. Gerrit on one side, and S. and G. Wilkinson on the other. The Wilkinsons scored 24, and the opposition 25, and two wickets to fall. Umpires, Messrs Blood and Goddard.

DOG DISPUTE IN CLEVELAND.—Our correspondent "Clevelander" sends us the following account of a recent dog set-to, in that city: The canine contest between Jim Brown's slut Fan, 18 lbs., and John Ferguson's slut, 18 lbs., took place as announced, viz., on the 19th inst., in the vicinity of Cleveland. Both "animiles" were in tip-top condition. Ferguson's, if anything, had the call in betting, and more money changed hands at this "dorg" fight than any that has taken place in this city for a number of years. The dogs were handled by their respective owners—Brown and Ferguson. The following is the result:—First turn, 5 minutes, Brown's slut to scratch or go in, which she did gamely; second turn, 15 minutes, Ferguson's to scratch, which she did gamely enough, but quite weak; third turn, 8 minutes, Brown's—she went in apparently as strong as ever, and, at the expiration of 12 minutes another turn was had, when, it being Ferguson's "animile's" turn to scratch, she could not face the music, Brown's winning in just 42 minutes, and Ferguson's slut dying in the pit in a very few minutes after. Both dogs fought well, and were game, but Brown's was evidently the better-trained and the stronger of the two. There were some long faces after the contest.

ADMISSION FIFTY CENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A. S. PRENTISS.

After breakfast I came down street t'other day,
When I noticed, upon the dead wall,
That a party of minstrels were then on their way
To play in Corinthian Hall.
And I went up still closer to an old board fence,
When I noticed that tickets were priced Fifty Cents.

Burnt cork has grown lighter, yet is it so dear
That we must pay opera prices
To traveling managers to keep them all clear
Of "going up" in the next crisis?
And I went up again to that old board fence
To assure myself tickets were priced Fifty Cents.

It glared from the bills in ten-line pica type,
And I swore at the base innovation;
"Good-by twenty-five," said I with a gripe,
For Fifty's a newer creation.
"Good-by-Twenty-five," said a man in the crowd,
And "How are you, Fifty?" was echoed aloud.

I started, affrighted, and looking with cheer,
Where the bills were wider and thicker,
When close to my elbow and close to my ear,
McCarty was standing, the sticker.
And I asked him the reason for making the tin
Just double what once was the price to go in.

"Why," said Mc., with a smile and a private side wink,
"The truth to you ought to be clear,
The Halls and the Fares, and the Victuals and Drink
I assure you are now doubly dear;
The bill-stickers, too, have more gold than their bosses,
And are all getting jobs to buy Gov'ment hosses!"

THE QUAKER MILL;

OR,

PEACE THROUGH CONQUEST.

A Sketch of Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There is a section of the State of New York, not a hundred miles from the "Empire City" of the Union, known far and near as Quaker Hill. It derives its name from the fact that nearly all the inhabitants of that section are Quakers, that they boast of two large meeting houses, one for the "old school" and the other for the "new." Finer farms, fatter horses and cattle, finer pigs and poultry, better gardens, cannot be found in any other portion of the State. But this is not the story which the reader wants.

Not an hour's drive from the meeting-houses dwelt two Quakers who had both seen the first half of a century of life, and who, though their farms joined each other, had through life been antagonistic on nearly every point. Joshua Prim, belonging to the old school church, and Elijah Snarl, belonging to the new. In youth they had both courted the same maiden, and Elijah being rather the best looking, and having an hundred more acres of land than Joshua, won the day, and carried the fair Susannah off in triumph. And as he more than once said, never meaning a *double entendre* as the ungodly might aver, he had been "*in a snarl*" ever since. For Joshua was revengeful, despite his drab cloth and broad-rimmed beaver. He had loved Susannah dearly; and while he vowed inwardly that he would never marry, he meant that Elijah should see as little of wedded *bliss* as possible.

So on the very night of their marriage, some ungodly boys, two wagon-loads of them, were transported by some unknown person to the front of the dwelling of Elijah Snarl, and there for the whole night long they kept up a concert of horrible sounds produced by cracked trumpets, old cow bells, tin pans, and discordant fiddles. In vain did Elijah desire them to depart in peace—go they would not, even after he had rolled out a barrel of his best cider as a peace offering. They kept the music up and him and his bride in misery until near day-light, and also kept the secret as to who it was that hired them thus to disturb his early matrimonial hours.

Elijah prided himself on his horses, and he invariably drove to meeting two magnificent switch-tailed bays for which he had refused a cool thousand dollars in his days of single-wretchedness; for he had heard Susannah speak in praise of their beauty, and he determined to save that team for her especial pleasure. On the Sabbath after the day of his marriage he went early to the pasture to catch the horses and take them to the stable to be cleaned ready for use when he wished to go to meeting.

Alas for him, some one, he could not tell who, had been there before him, and he found his two nags shorn like Sampson of old, of their chief beauty. Where the long switch-tails had been, nothing now was to be seen but the two bony stumps from which the hair *had* grown. They had been shaved close in the night time. If Elijah did not swear, he was better than all other men. He turned pale as the snowy table-cloth which Susannah delighted to spread for him. He looked over the field for tracks, for if he could have traced the man who had done him that grievous wrong, it is more than likely he would have laid off his Quaker coat and hat for a brief season, become worldly in nature and either have "lammed" the villain or got "lammed" himself.

But he was not Indian enough to find the tracks. So he went home to his Susannah and told her of his new trouble, and when he saw her weep he wept to keep her company. And he had that day to hitch his old plough horses to his handsome rockaway and go to meeting in much humbler style than he was accustomed to.

He saw Joshua at their meeting house, an unusual thing, for Joshua invariably attended the other one, down the street. And Joshua came up when he stopped his wagon before the meeting-house and greeted him and Susannah in an unusually friendly manner.

"Why doth thee not drive thy handsome bays, Elijah?" he asked, looking rather hard at the old plough horses and their rough coats.

"Perhaps *thee* knows best why I don't drive the bays to-day!" said Elijah, as he tucked Susanuah's arm within his own and darted into the meeting house.

There was a most unquakerly smile on the face of Joshua when he saw his friend Snarl disappear with his bride.

It would take more columns than the CLIPPER could spare for one story to tell half the miseries that with each succeeding year came upon poor Elijah—half his accidents, losses, and mortifications of spirit and body. He had so many troubles, the originators of which he could never discover, that he became morose with everybody, almost unkind to poor Susannah, and as unhappy himself as man could be. His neighbors could not be neighborly when he was always in an ugly humor, and he became very unpopular. When the rebellion broke out, because Joshua happened to be a strong Republican and an Administration man, Snarl, to be contrary, announced on all occasions that he was a *Peace Democrat* and opposed to all wars in general and this war in particular, and the Administration that kept it up.

This amounted to an open declaration of war between him and Joshua. Many were their arguments when they met; and more than once were the epithets, "nigger worshipper" and "copperhead" bandied between them. At times it seemed as if *words* would not suffice, but blows must come; but some "friend" would generally remind them of the "persuasion" which was suffering by their conduct, and they would cool down in time to save the honor of their drab cloth and broad beavers.

But at last an accident revealed to Elijah what his keenest endeavors had long failed to discover—revealed to him the persecutor who had for years made him miserable. He had been suffering all night with the torments of all torments, a raging tooth-ache. He had not slept,—could not sleep. It was an hour or two before dawn, and he was bathing his aching head with cold water from the spring near his door, when he heard the bars of his clover meadow near by let down gently. Thrice he had found cattle in that meadow in the morning, but never could find how they got in.

Now, in his shirt-sleeves and barefooted, he started to find out who let down the bars. There was no moon, but the sky was cloudless and the stars gave considerable light.

Within less than a minute he was near the bars and in time to hear and see a man driving cattle into his choicest meadow. His own cattle too, driven out of their pasture to be fed in *that* meadow. He did not wait to think of peace principles just then, but rushed up to the man and collaring him, shouted:

"I've got thee now—I've got thee in the act, scoundrel!"

"Let go my collar, or harm will come to thee!" cried the man, who proved to be no other than Joshua Prim.

"Harm? As if thee had never done me harm before. I know now who hath been my persecutor for long years—who it was that ruined my switch-tailed bays, who poisoned my turkeys and plucked the feathers from my geese. Joshua Prim, thou mean, low-lived nigger worshipper, the Spirit moveth me to thrash thee!"

"It is more than thee can do, thou traitorous copperhead!" said Joshua wrathfully. "If thee hadst not crossed my path in thy youth and have cajoled and won away from me, Susannah, the maiden of my love, I never would have persecuted thee! Now I will persecute thee for all time, for I am single, and loveless and childless, and it is all thy fault."

"If thee says Susannah again I'll thrash thee!" cried Elijah, his wrath getting too hot to hold.

"*Susannah!*" shouted Joshua.

"Take off thy coat!" cried Elijah. "I will not strike thee while thou wearest that garment!"

Off went Joshua's coat in a moment.

"Now for Susannah and all my wrongs!" cried Elijah, and he "pitched in."

Oh, if poor Bill Poole, or John Morrissey, or both had been there, or "Awful Gardner," ere his days of piety came upon him, they would have seen a sight which they never would have forgotten. It was thump, pulling of hair, biting, scratching, a general tear-up altogether. Few were the words spoken, but much was the work done. Blood flowed from mouths and noses, hair came out by hands full, shirts had been, but were not now; paper-rags which require washing were on hand—Stockwell of Ann street could have made a bargain there. For full half an hour the "mill" went on, and both began to tire. But Elijah, thinking of his Susannah, went it rather the strongest. He finally got Joshua floored, or rather got him "to grass," with his head wedged in between two old logs, and there with his knees upon his breast he held him completely at his mercy.

"Now, Joshua," said he, hitting him a hearty smack in the face, "I am going to conquer a peace with thee."

"Let me up and I will yet whip thee," groaned Joshua.

"Nay, thou hast got into tribulation through thine own perverseness, and I must chastise thee even unto repentance," said Elijah, and *smack*, down came his fist again into the face of Joshua.

"Oh! Oh! thee will kill me," groaned Joshua, struggling in vain to rise.

"Nay, I will not quite kill thee. But I will chastise thee until thee doth repent, and promise never again to wrong me, or to say Susannah with thy dirty mouth!" and again Elijah's heavy hand came down upon Joshua's battered "mug."

"I will never plague thee more," groaned Joshua.

"Nor say Susannah?" queried Elijah, not forgetting to put in another gentle reminder on the damaged face.

"Nay, I will never say Susannah, nor look at her!" groaned Joshua.

"And will thee pay me damages for my meadows destroyed, and my horses injured, and my geese plucked, in the sum of one thousand dollars lawful money?" asked Elijah, omitting the blow this time.

"Nay, I'll see thee burned first!" cried Joshua, forgetting how utterly he was in the power of his enemy.

"Then I will take a thousand dollars worth more of chastisement out of thy body!" said Elijah, beginning to pound poor Joshua with renewed vigor, for he was getting fresh wind again.

For a minute Joshua struggled vainly and bore his punishment, and then between a despairing groan and a sob, he cried "*Enough.*"

"Does thee yield—will thee pay the thousand dollars?" asked Elijah.

"Yea," groaned Joshua.

"And will thee forever hereafter keep the peace with me and mine?" continued Elijah.

"Yea, verily I will," groaned Joshua.

"Then I will smite thee no more," said Elijah, "and if thee will sit still until I drive the cattle out of my meadow, I will take thee home with me, and Susannah shall wash thy wounds and dress them, and we will live in peace hereafter, for I am sorry that I had to chastise thee so hard. But thou didst provoke me greatly."

"Yea, Elijah, I have deserved all I have got, and thou art too good if thou dost take me to thy home, but I cannot well help it, for thou hast closed both of mine eyes and I cannot see whither to go!"

"Fear not, Joshua, I will lead thee; and hereafter we will drop politics and be friends indeed."

And so it came to pass. And thus ended the Quaker "mill."

A PATRIOTIC DOG.

Just before the second battle of Bull Run, a lady of Georgetown met a boy in the street leading a dog by a string, and the boy was crying bitterly. She asked the cause of his crying. He said his mother had told him to take off the dog and have him killed, as she would have no dog about the house. He did not want to kill him, he was such a good dog; but he supposed he should have to do so, and thought he should tie the rope around a stone, and throw him into the Potomac. He said he would sell him for five cents; the lady told him she would give him a quarter. He accepted the offer at once, as this would give him spending money for a week. The dog appeared to be a cross of several breeds, but had long, shaggy ears, that hung down under his neck. The lady led him home. He was very intelligent, and soon became a great favorite in the family. They named him "Sailor."

A Rhode Island battery was near there, and the ladies carried supplies to the sick soldiers. Sailor used to go with them, and a gunner by the name of John Barry took quite a liking to the dog, and when he went on an errand to Georgetown, Sailor would frequently follow him back to camp; and finally he concluded a military life was best suited to him, and he left the family altogether and took up his abode with John Barry and the battery.

Often when the battery was out practicing, when the dense smoke would roll out from the mouth of the gun, Sailor has been seen to jump into the smoke and catch a mouthful and shake it as though he had something real in his mouth.

But the battery was ordered to the front and participated in the second battle of Bull Run. Let me digress a moment just to say that our wounded and dead had to be removed and buried under a flag of truce; this was humiliating, but nevertheless true. The field was some five miles long, and perhaps three broad, covered thickly with wounded and dead. A friend of mine left my house under the auspices of the Christian Commission early on Saturday morning for the battle-field, and arrived there that evening, and worked night and day until the next Thursday evening, carrying off our wounded from this battle-field. There is no doubt many of our poor soldiers starved to death; others suffered awfully from thirst. Thursday evening, just at dark, they came to an old apple tree, under which five of our soldiers had dragged themselves to protect them some from the rays of the sun by day, and the dews by night. They had only one ambulance, and this would carry only four. They must leave one of these men under the tree, alone on this vast field—and which one should they leave? One of them had been wounded in the head by a piece of shell—it was a bad wound; his head was fly-blown, and maggots could be seen plainly, and as they thought he could not live long, they left him there alone under the tree. He was sensible and could talk, and did not like to be left alone there to die. I have thought if I had been there I would have brought him off on my back, if I had done it by short stages. But they could not bring him off, and a rebel officer rode up to our pickets the next morning and told them that he was alive then, and could talk. This is all we know of him.

John Barry was on the same battle-field—one of his legs broken, and no one to give him help. He suffered all but death; no one came to his aid. Sailor staid by him and occasionally did all he could to attract attention to Barry, but no one came. He finally came to the conclusion to send him off to Georgetown, (over forty miles), as a bearer of dispatches. He felt his pockets over, and found an old yellow envelope and a piece of pencil. He wrote on it: "I am wounded and on the battle-field," and signed his name to it, folded it up about as large as a quarter dollar, put it in one of Sailor's ears and tied his ears under his neck and told him to go.

Sailor started right off, and the grass did not grow under his feet and he did not salute any dog by the way, but in an incredibly short time made his appearance at his old home in Georgetown. The family were all glad to see him, and, from his jaded appearance, concluded he needed something to eat. But Sailor would not eat anything; he was a bearer of dispatches, and he must deliver them first.

He did everything but talk, to let them know it. He would stand on his hind feet, and put his paws on them and howl; but they could not understand him. I think it was the second day the girl in the kitchen said Sailor must be killed, he acted so strange. He would run his head against her, and howl, and he was mad. A consultation was held to talk the matter over; and at this time Sailor rose on his hind feet and put his fore feet on the shoulder of his daughter, and she told her mother Sailor's ears were tied down. She soon cut the string, and found the note from John Barry in one of his ears. They were astonished. They said if he brought a message he will probably take one back. They went into the parlor; Sailor followed, and sat down and watched their proceedings with eager eyes. They wrote a note on white paper, telling Barry they would send him aid as soon as possible; folded it up and put it in Sailor's ear, and tied his ears down and told him to go. But he lay down in the door the picture of despair. What was the matter? Was it the color of the paper? They would try him. They cut the string, took out the note, and wrote on a yellow envelope, folded it up neatly and put it in his ear, tied down his ears again and told him to go. He did not wait to be told the second time, bnt started off instantly. He was off over forty miles again, and in a short time was on this great battle-field, looking for John Barry. He had been delayed so long in Georgetown that Barry had been taken from the field and his leg amputated.

But Sailor was not discouraged at all. He started with the greatest energy to find Barry. This was a difficult matter, and he was kicked and abused while on his search. But he kept on patiently, and at last found him and delivered the letter, and stayed by him until he was removed to the city. He is now at a teamster's camp, and they would not take his weight in gold for him, as high as the premium is now.

A DEATH CLOCK.—We have recently been informed of a truly wonderful clock, which is said to belong to a family in Newport, Ohio. The clock is of simple construction, and belongs to the family of Mr. L——y; but all the efforts of clock-makers have not been able to make it keep time—consequently, it has been permitted to rest in silence. A few hours before the death of Mr. L——y's sister, some short time since, the clock suddenly struck one, after a silence of many months. It thus continued to maintain its silence until another member of the family was prostrated with a fatal malady, when it again struck one, and on the following day the child was buried. A year elapsed, when a second child sickened and died. The clock was punctual in sounding one a few hours previous to its death. A third child, a little boy fifteen months old, was afflicted with scrofula which baffled the skill of the physician, and died. The clock gave the usual warning and struck one. It has never failed in sounding a death knell when any of the family in whose possession it now is were about to die. "There are stranger things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

THE FIRST THEATRE IN NEW YORK.

When Was the Drama Introduced in America?

PAPER BY JUDGE DALY, READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A curious and interesting chapter of dramatic history is given in the following paper by Judge Daly, of this city, read before the New York Historical Society at its regular monthly meeting on the 3d instant:

WHEN WAS THE DRAMA FIRST INTRODUCED IN AMERICA.

Dunlap, the historian of the American stage, informs us that the drama was introduced in this country by William Hallam, the successor of Garrick in Goodman's Field Theatre, who formed a joint stock company and sent them to America under the management of his brother Lewis Hallam in the year 1752, and that the first play ever acted in America was the "Merchant of Venice," represented by this company on the 5th of September, 1752, at Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, in an old storehouse which they converted into a theatre within two months after their arrival at Yorktown. Dunlap's familiarity with the subject, the fact that he derived his information from Lewis Hallam, Jr., who came out a boy twelve years of age with this early company, and the circumstance that Burke, in his history of Virginia, has the same statement, has been deemed sufficiently satisfactory, and William Hallam, whom Dunlap calls "The Father of the American stage," has been accepted as the person who first introduced the drama in America.

THE FIRST THEATRE IN NEW YORK.

But Dunlap and those upon whom he relied were mistaken, for there was a theatre in the city of New York in 1733, nineteen years before Hallam arrived in this country. It is mentioned in *Bradford's Gazette* of that year, in the advertisement of a merchant who directs inquiries to be made of him at his store "next door to the Play House." This reference is all that has been found respecting it; but in the month of February, 1750, more than two years before the arrival of Hallam, a regular company of actors, under the joint management of Thomas Kean and of a Mr. Murray, came to this city from Philadelphia, and applied to Admiral George Clinton, then the Governor of the Province of New York, for permission to act. Governor Clinton was a man of rank, the son of an Earl, and had previously held a distinguished position as commander of the English fleet in the Mediterranean, while his wife, Lady Clinton, was a woman of great personal attractions and very agreeable manners, who had moved in the first circles of London society. To these cultivated persons there was nothing objectionable in the establishment of a theatre, and permission was accordingly granted, though, from the spirit afterwards exhibited by the local magistrates in this and other places, it would probably have been refused had the city authorities been applied to. It was announced through the columns of the *Weekly Post Boy* that the company intended to perform as long as the season lasted, provided they met with suitable encouragement, and upon obtaining the consent of the governor they hired a large room in a building in Nassau street, belonging to the estate of Rip Van Dam, formerly president of the Provincial Council, and converted it into a theatre; and here, on the 5th of March, 1750, they produced Shakespeare's historical play of "Richard III.," as altered by Colley Cibber, in which the part of *Richard* was performed by Mr. Kean. The performance was announced to begin precisely at half-post seven o'clock, and the public were informed that no person would be admitted behind the scenes—an important reform, as it had been the practice in London from Shakespeare's time to allow the purchasers of box tickets free access to the stage; a custom which led to many abuses and immoralities.

KEAN'S PERFORMANCES.

The room which had been converted into a theatre must have been a very capacious one, as it was arranged with pit and gallery, and afterwards boxes were added. The price of admission to the boxes was eight shillings, to the pit five shillings, and to the gallery three shillings. The exact capacity of this theatre is known from the following circumstances. Upon the occasion of Mr. Kean's benefit, who was the leading tragedian, he was honored by a crowded house in his favorite part of Richard III., and great complaint having been made that more tickets had been sold than the house could hold, Kean published a card in the *Post Boy*, which was accompanied by a certificate from Parker, the publisher, to the effect that he had printed in all one hundred and sixty-one pit tickets, ten box, and one hundred and twenty-one gallery tickets, declaring that as great a number had been in the house before. Kean in his card informs the public that it had been determined not to receive any money at the door, but that it was impossible to carry out that intention without giving great offence, and that the purchasers of tickets who had come after the house was filled had had their money returned. It may be inferred from this circumstance that the players found "satisfactory encouragement." "Richard III." appears to have been a favorite piece, and on the 12th of March, 1750, it was announced that it would be acted for the last time, together with the farce of the "Beaux in the Suds," and that on the following Saturday Dryden's play of the "Spanish Friar" would be represented. They continued to play on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday from the 5th of March, 1750, to the 30th of April, 1751, when the season closed; and that the experiment was successful may be inferred from the fact that they opened the theatre again for another season on the 30th of December, 1750, and continued to play three times a week until the 17th of June, 1751, closing with a succession of benefits, when the company went to Virginia.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

Before the close of the season, Kean, the joint-manager, withdrew; announcing in a formal card to the public that he had resolved to quit the stage, by the advice of several gentlemen in town who were his friends, and follow his employment of writing; that his co-manager, Mr. Murray, had agreed to give him a night clear of all expenses for his half of the clothes and scenery of the play-house, and that by his Excellency the Governor's permission he would, on the following Monday evening, enact the part of King Richard III. for his benefit, being the last time of his appearance upon the stage. On the Monday following, April 29, 1751, the performance for his benefit was changed to the "Busy Body" and the "Virgin Unmasked," and in announcing the change he informs the public, as an additional attraction, that there will be singing by Mr. Woodham, and particularly the celebrated ode called "Briton's Charter," closing with this appeal: "As this will positively be the last time of Mr. Kean's appearing upon the stage, he honestly hopes all gentlemen and ladies, and others who are his well wishers, will be so kind as to favor him with their company."

PLAYS PRODUCED.

How this company were collected, or where they originally came from, it is probably now no longer possible to ascertain. As they were announced, upon their first appearance in New York as a company of comedians who had come from Philadelphia, it is highly probable that they had played before in the southern cities, and that they came originally from the West Indies, where, especially in Jamaica, theatrical companies from England had been in the habit of performing for some years previously. During the two seasons of the company in New York the following plays were given:—"Richard III.," Otway's "Orphan," Dryden's "Spanish Friar," Farquahar's "Sir Harry Wildair," being the sequel to the "Trip to the Jubilee," "Recruiting Officer," and "Beau's Stratagem," "George Barnwell," "The Beggar's Opera," "The Distressed Mother," Congreve's "Love for Love," and the "Bold Stroke for a Wife," with the following farces:—"The Beaux in the Suds," "The Mock Doctor," "The Devil to Pay," "The Walking Statue," "The Old Man Taught Wisdom," "Demon and Phillida," "Hob in the Well," and "Miss in Her Teens." The names of the *dramatis personæ* were not printed in the play bills, for the reason, probably, that the same actor had to play different parts in the same piece, but from references made to individual performers the following persons are known to have been members of the company:—Kean and Murray, the joint managers; Messrs. Taylor, Woodham, Tremain, Jago, Scott, Moore, Marks, and Master Dickey Murray, the manager's son; Miss Nancy George, Miss Osborne, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Osborne. Kean, Tremaine and Jago played in tragic parts. Murray and Taylor were comedians. Miss Nancy George and Miss Osborne were the chief ladies in comedy and tragedy. Woodham and Mrs. Taylor were comedians and vocalists, and Kean, like his more distinguished namesake, Edmund Kean, appears to have possessed some musical talent, for on the occasion of his first benefit he announces that he will sing "an oratorio." Master Dickey Murray would seem to have been a favorite of the public; the other actors performed in subordinate parts.

CURIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

During the present season, which lasted for six months, they repeated the same plays many times, and probably having nothing new or more attractive to offer for another season, they determined to try their fortunes elsewhere. They closed with a series of benefits, and some of the appeals made respecting them are sufficiently curious to be noticed. Mrs. Davis announces that a benefit is to be given to her to enable her to buy off her time, and she hopes that all ladies and gentlemen who are charitably inclined will favor it, closing in legal phraseology, "and their humble petitioner, as in duty bound will ever pray." It was the constant practice at that time for masters of vessels to bring out passengers to New York upon the condition that they should be sold immediately upon their arrival as servants to any one who would pay their passage money. They were sold for a definite period of time and were called Redemptors, of which class Mrs. Davis, from her earnest appeal, appears to have been one. Mr. Jago humbly begs that all gentlemen and ladies will be so kind as to favor him with their company, as he never had a benefit before and *is just come out of prison;* and Mrs. Osborne appropriately selects the play of "The Distressed Mother," with the announcement that it is the first time that this poor widow has had a benefit, and having met with divers hardships and misfortunes, she appeals to the benevolent and *others*.

[It is stated in Clapp's Records that Otway's "Orphan" was played in Boston in the Coffee House in State street, in the early part of 1750, by two young Englishmen, assisted by some volunteer comrades of the town; and as this is about the period when Murray & Kean's company began to perform in New York, this may possibly have been the initiatory attempt on the part of some of the members of that company to introduce dramatic amusements among the people of New England. Whether it was so or not, it was immediately followed by the passage of an act by the General Court of Massachusetts, in March, 1750, prohibiting stage plays and theatrical entertainments of any kind.]

A NEW COMPANY IN 1751.

In the winter of 1751 another company came to New York, and opened the theatre in Nassau street on the 23d of December, 1751, with "Othello" and the farce of "Lethe." The company was under the management of a Mr. Upton, and in all probability came from Jamaica, in a vessel which had arrived a short time before. The company were either inferior to the former, or the public had become indifferent, for the manager, after performing three weeks, announced that, to his great disappointment, he had not met with encouragement enough to support the company for the season, and that he would bring it to an end by giving a few benefits. Some doubt of the merits of the new performers seems to have prevailed, as he assured the public in a card that the company "were perfect, and hoped to perform to satisfaction." It was the custom then for the actors to wait upon all the principal inhabitants and solicit their patronage, and fearing that he had been held accountable for some remissness of duty in this particular, he begs the public to remember that "he is an absolute stranger in the city, and if in his application he has omitted any gentlemen or ladies' house or lodging, he humbly hopes that they will impute it to his want of information, and not to want of respect." But though he produced several pieces not yet played in New York, such as the "Fair Penitent," "Venice Preserved," "The Provoked Husband," and "Othello," it was of no avail. A few benefits were given, one for a Mr. Leigh, another one for the poor widow Osborne, who, with Mr. Tremaine, of the former company, had become attached to this one, and on the 27th March, 1752, the last performance took place for the benefit of the manager's wife, Mrs. Upton. Upton delivered a farewell epilogue, and a few days after he left in a vessel for London.

THE DRAMA IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.

The prior company, after performing in Virginia, went to Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, and erected a small theatre there, which they opened on the 22d of June, 1752, with the "Beggar's Opera," and the farce of the "Lying Valet." Annapolis was at this period a place of considerable trade and commerce, with a thriving population, including many wealthy merchants, and being the capital of the province, was the residence of the leading officials, and a general place of resort for opulent planters and their families. There was among the people a great deal of refinement and cultivation. They were much more disposed to enjoy the recreation of the theatre than the mixed English, French and Dutch population of New York, and consequently, the theatre there was a permanent institution, and continued to be so for many years. The company represented the same plays which they had before acted in New York, with the addition of "Cato" and the "Busy Body"; and after playing for a season they gave representations in other parts of Maryland. Some new names appear among the members, such as Eyarson, Wynell and Herbert, while many of the old members had left, a circumstance warranting the supposition that there was either another company then performing in the South, or that these actors had returned to England or to the West Indies. Among the remaining members were Murray, Scott and Miss Osborne; and Kean, despite his formal farewell in New York, and declaration of his intention to resume his original occupation of a writing-master, was again among them, representing principal parts.

All that has been here narrated occurred before Hallam came to this country and gave his first representation at Williamsburg, Virginia, in the autumn of 1752. He afterwards went to Annapolis, and in the summer of 1753 he came with his company to New York. Finding the old theatre in Nassau street inadequate to his purpose, he took the building down and erected upon the same spot what the newspaper of the day, *Parker's Gazette*, describes "as a very fine, large and commodious new theatre," which he opened on the 17th of September, 1753, with Steele's comedy of the "Conscious Lovers" and the farce of "Damon and Philida." Dunlap says that it was erected on the spot afterwards occupied by the old Dutch church (the present post office.) In this he was also mistaken, for the church was erected on the place where the building now stands in 1729. The theatre which Hallam built, and the one before it, was on the east side of Nassau street, between Maiden Lane and John street.

HALLAM'S THEATRE IN NASSAU STREET.

Hallam's Company was far superior to any that preceded it. Mrs. Hallam was not only a beautiful woman, but she was an actress of no ordinary merit. Dunlap in his youth heard old ladies speak in raptures of her beauty, grace and pathos. Hallam was himself an excellent comedian, and two other members of the company, Rigby and Malone, were actors of established reputation upon the London boards. The arrival of a complete company like this, who were not only practiced in their art, but amply provided before their departure with dresses, and all that was necessary for effective dramatic representation, was something too formidable to contend against. They seem, therefore, to have entirely supplanted the earlier pioneers, of whom nothing further is known except that some of their number, Murray, Tremaine, Scott, and Miss Osborne, played in Hallam's original company afterwards, when it was under the management of Douglass.

After performing in New York for the winter, Hallam went with his company to Philadelphia in April, 1754, and from there to the West Indies, where he died. In 1758 the company returned to New York, under the management of Douglass, who had married Hallam's widow. During the four years that they had been absent, the theatre remained unoccupied, and a short time before their arrival, a congregation of German Calvinists had been formed, and being in want of a place of worship, they purchased the theatre in Nassau street for $1,250, and fitted it up as a church, which they continued to occupy until 1765, when the building, which had not been a very substantial one, becoming decayed, they took it down and erected another edifice upon the spot, which was standing fifteen years ago, and was familiarly known as Gosling's Eating House, Nos. 64 and 66 Nassau street.

Finding that the theatre had been converted into a church, Douglass built another one upon Cruger's Wharf, a large pier, with houses upon it, which, at that time extended from Pearl street into the East River, between Old and Coenties slips. In the following year, 1759, Douglass went to Philadelphia, where he erected a small theatre, and from there to Annapolis, where he built a very fine one of brick, capable of accommodating between five and six hundred people, which he opened on the 3d of March, 1760.

THE BEEKMAN STREET THEATRE.

In 1761 Douglass returned to New York, and abandoning the theatre upon Cruger's Wharf, erected one in Beekman street, a few doors below Nassau street. This was torn down in a riot in 1764. Three years after, the theatre in John street, between Nassau street and Broadway, was built, which continued to be the principal one until the erection of the old Park theatre in 1797.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

A RIGHT SMART FIGHT

Took place on May 2nd, between two Emeralders named respectively Teddy Tierney, *alias* Cobley, and Nick Maley, *alias* Bluey, near Birmingham, of 7st. 8lbs., for £30. Tierney is now in his twenty-second year, and stands 5ft. 3¼in. His last encounter was with David Blunt, of Handsworth, whom he defeated after a game tussle. Bluey, who has not yet attained his majority, stands 5ft. 4½in., and is the *beau ideal* of a fighting lad. He had twice previously figured in the ropes—first with Young Cutler, whom he cleverly defeated, and afterwards Jack Crogan, whom he also beat. Both men were well within weight. Maley won the toss for choice of ground, and named the tenth milestone on the Alcester road. It was disappointing to find that, although on the eve of the battle, no arrangements had been made for the supply of the ropes and stakes—no such articles being procurable in pugilistic "Brum"—and accordingly, later in the evening, a change of route was made in the direction of Walsall, where, it was known, those indispensables were to be had. By half-past eight the rendevous was reached. In less than a quarter of an hour all was in order, and Tierney shied in his cap, with Bluey at his heels. A referee was selected in the person of a distinguished light-weight, and at a quarter-past nine everything was snug. The toss for choice of corners was won by Bluey, who placed his opponent with his face to the sun. Bluey was attended by Tom and Harry Allen, while Jem Hodgkiss and Joe Wareham did the needful for Tierney. All being in readiness, principals and seconds gave the friendly grip, and the lads stood up for the fight.

Round 1. The lads were soon in position, and it was evident that both understood their business. Tierney's style, however, was the more artistic, while Bluey's resolute and defiant look gave great confidence to his backers. After a little cautious sparring, Bluey, who was exceedingly eager, sent out his right as a feeler, and slightly grazed Teddy's temple; they now beat a retreat, and on getting together again, both countered prettily on the face, when Bluey got on the hug, but Teddy cleverly sent him to mother earth. The betting, which had previously been evens, was now 5 to 4 on Tierney.

2. Both came up very eager. Some fine exchanges on the head, when they broke ground, and Tierney was all over the ring, Bluey, a little bit wild, pursuing him. Heavy exchanges led to a close, and another trial of strength for the fall ended in favor of Tierney, Bluey being under.

3. A short but merry bout, the lads closing after a few exchanges, and falling together side by side.

4. Both lively, hammering away in beautiful style. Tierney slipped, but on the instant recovered himself and renewed the round, landing his left on the mouth, and receiving on the ribs, getting down cleverly.

5. A short and bustling round in all parts of the ring, and on pretty even terms, until the affair was finished by Tierney throwing his man cleverly.

6. No time lost in getting to work; Tierney investing slightly on the left eye, and receiving on the chest, got away, his style showing much cunning. In the struggle for the fall, Bluey was undermost.

7. Bluey was the first to lead off, and planted heavily on the temple, Tierney balancing accounts on the same spot. A little sparring, when they broke ground, and on getting together, after a little fiddling they closed, and Bluey was under in the fall.

8. Bluey short in his delivery, catching pepper on the right cheek. In a second essay, however, he popped one on the body, Tierney retaliating on the forehead; they closed, and both fell a burster, side by side.

9. Up to this time the punishment appeared equal, and neither as yet had taken very great liberties. Bluey, seeing an opening, sent out his right viciously at the head; Teddy ducked, and the blow did not land with any severity. Exchanges were somewhat in favor of Bluey, and a struggle for the fall brought both down, Tierney under.

10. As Bluey came with a rush, Tierney met him with a straight shot on the temple, following up this advantage by jobbing away merrily with both hands all over the face, Bluey in the meantime being anything but idle; in the end, both were over the ropes, Bluey under.

11. Here first blood was claimed for Tierney, and although Bluey contracted his lips, and tried to hide the "show," it was visible. (First event to the little 'un.) Tierney, having got the measurement of his man, made play right and left, the latter weapon being very effective, and making Bluey stand back, but he immediately returned to the attack, and fought his man gamely until both were down, Bluey under.

12 to 20 were characterized by Tierney taking a decided lead, as he began to play sad havoc with his opponent's face, from which, in each succeeding round, he drew the cork repeatedly. After fighting to a close, the falls were about equal.

21. Two to one was offered on Teddy, and accepted. Bluey, although having somewhat the worst of it, would not be denied, but continued to force the fighting, assuring his friends that he should win at the finish. Teddy, with great precision, shot out his left on Bluey's right eye, inflicting a severe cut; Bluey returning a vicious righth ander on Tierney's left cheekbone, which staggered him; they closed, and both fell, Tierney under.

22. Bluey showed some very ugly bumps about the temple, and his face was much flushed, while Tierney, with the exception of a bump on the cheekbone and redness on the chest was very free from punishment. Bluey led off on the ribs, and got prettily countered on the right ear, when they rushed to a close, and both were down, Tierney's head coming an ugly thump on the ground.

23 to 27 were fought in the prettiest possible style by Tierney, who continued to improve his position, planting all over Bluey's face. Bluey returned with the utmost gameness, but did not produce a similar effect. At this juncture, and after the lads had been contending three-quarters of an hour, the police came up, and the referee at once ordered the men to follow him to Holly Lane, where hostilities were renewed at twenty minutes past ten, Bluey coming jauntily into the ring, followed at once by his opponent, who looked little the worse for wear.

28. On getting together, they countered on the face, Bluey, by the way in which he stuck to his man, reviving the hopes of his partisans. After landing well on the chin, he made a dash at Teddy, who cleverly avoided the intended compliment by ducking. They then got together, and fought to the ropes—both down, side by side.

29. Tierney shot out his right on the left eye, which began to contract. Some good counters followed, when they closed, and a fine struggle took place, which ended in both being down in Tierney's corner.

30. Tierney visited Bluey's right eye, and then right and left on the face, Bluey getting cleverly down to avoid.

31. Bluey gave great satisfaction to his friends by fighting Teddy all over the ring to the ropes.

32. Pretty countering; Bluey followed Teddy up, and cleverly floored him at the ropes. (First knock-down for Bluey.)

33. Tierney obtained ample satisfaction for his reverse in the previous round by planting his left on the face several times, and in the close throwing Mick heavily.

34. Bluey came up bleeding, but resolute, and, forcing the pace, fought his man down well.

35. Tierney again had ample revenge on his opponent by getting again on all points with telling effect, and eventually fighting Bluey down.

36 to 71 and last. To say that Bluey was game would be doing him scant justice, as he fought what was fast becoming an up-hill battle with the courage of a lion, but his opponent's tactics proved more than a match, as he got on effectively in almost every round, until Bluey's daylights were getting "small by degrees, and beautifully (?) less." In the meantime, Teddy's clever way of avoiding danger got him well out of punishment. At the conclusion of the seventy-first round, and when they had been fighting 2 hours and 5 minutes (in two rings), Bluey was induced to let the sponge go up, his phiz being nearly twice its usual size. Tierney, on the contrary, showed very little punishment, considering the length of time they had been at it, and as soon as over, went up to shake hands with his fallen foe, afterwards going round the ring to collect a trifle for Bluey. Tierney, who is one of the cleverest lads we know, reflects the highest credit on the school to which he belongs, and there is no doubt that he will be heard of hereafter to great advantage. That Bluey is one of the gamest lads that ever stood up in a ring no one who witnessed the fight will attempt to deny; but sheer strength and gameness against superior science rarely carry the day.

REGAN LAMS LAMBERT.

Tuesday, May 3, was the day appointed for an almost off-handed fight to take place between two of the Borough lads, to decide a quarrel, and for £10 a side. The combatants were Jerry Regan and Dick Lambert. Both had fought previously in the ring, although comparatively novices. Jerry Regan is twenty-four years of age, 5 ft. 9½ in. in height, and weighed about 11 st. 2 lb. His only previous battle was on August 5, 1862, with one Barney Regan (no relation), whom he defeated in 17 rounds, which lasted 39 min. Dick Lambert is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and weighed, as near as possible, 11 st. His only performance was a draw with the Brighton Doctor, in 1860, after fighting 2 hours 37 min. The betting was level since the commencement of the match, and a round sum was invested on the result. Arrangements had been made for the mill to come off down the river, and a late hour in the day was fixed for the men to meet. After the usual rides by rail and water, and one interruption from the police, everything was arranged, and the referee appointed soon after 4 P. M. Lambert was the first within the ropes, having Fair George and one of Nolan's adversaries for his seconds. Jerry Regan, who was soon after him, was attended by the East End light weight and the West End enthusiast. Lambert having won the toss for corners, chose the one with the sun and wind at his back. Round 1. Regan stood much above Lambert; he was, besides, more erect in position. Both are fine specimens of the pugilist, and exhibited great muscular developement. They sparred very fast, advancing and retreating quickly, for some time, until Lambert planted the left slightly on the body, and got back. Regan followed Dick up, invested on the forehead with the left, and breaking away, they sparred for an opening, both being very cautious indeed. Regan, after creeping within distance, feinted with the left, but Lambert being ready, Jerry got back. More sparring; Jerry suddenly ducked and closed, both being down after a scrambling rally. 2. After sparring, Lambert was very short at the body; left-hand counters on the forehead brought on a rally, until they closed at the ropes, when both were down, side by side. 3. Was decidedly in favor of Regan, who got a couple of left-handers on the right eye and a right-hander on the ear, receiving only one little one on the jaw. Regan forced a close, and Lambert got down. 4 to 10. Although Lambert from time to time got apparently well home on to Regan's face, there was scarcely a mark left; while the deliveries of Regan, although not so frequent, were much more effective, and when Dicky came up for the fifth round, blood was seen trickling from his nose (claimed and allowed for Regan). 6 to 4 was offered upon Regan. Lambert continued to tap with his left, and met Regan's rushes to the best of his ability, but he was either fought down or fell cleverly. In the seventh round, when Regan dashed in, Lambert steadied himself, and cross-countered him with the right on the left eyebrow, cutting it severely, but was eventually thrown. 11 to 24. Lambert kept visiting the damaged eyebrow, receiving heavy returns on the mouth and left eye. Regan increased his advantage round after round, and after knocking Lambert down with the right at the ropes, in the seventeenth round, 2 to 1 was offered on him without a response. In the last of these rounds Lambert was fought down, but landed a vicious right-hander on the jaw as he fell. 25 to 27. Regan, who had begun to blow freely, was met with great resolution by Lambert, who stopped Jerry's rushes, and they exchanged tremendous body blows when at close quarters, until Lambert got down, and not more than 6 to 4 was offered on Regan. 28. Was fought very equally until they closed, when Jerry missed a swinging right-hander, and Dick, seizing the opportunity, got home a terrific upper cut, and fell from the force of his own blow. 29. A great change occurred in this round, for Lambert stole a march by investing with stinging severity on the nose, cutting it across; he followed up his advantage with a rib-bender on the body, and when Jerry ran at him, he knocked him down by a right-handed cross-counter on the jaw, Regan falling all of a heap. 30. The friends of Lambert were in ecstacies, and his seconds looked sharply after time. Regan's seconds, however, managed to get him up, when he was again floored. 31. Lambert forced the fighting, and Regan being still "all abroad," Dick invested with the left on the right eye without a return, then closed, and threw Jerry. 32. Regan, although bleeding freely, came up much stronger than previously, and stopped Lambert's rush by getting home with the left on the mouth, and following his man, wild exchanges passed, until Lambert got down. 32 to 38 and last. Regan was getting stronger and better every round, and the battle was so evenly contested that a well-delivered blow would decide it either way. Jerry was soon after again the stronger man, and after receiving one from Lambert's left, always closed, and either fought Dick down, or the latter fell to avoid. Lambert fought very "shifty," and evidently wanted rest, which being perceived by Jerry's seconds, he received orders to force the fighting, and doing so, he obtained a manifest advantage, for in the 37th round Lambert was all abroad, and Jerry visited the jaw with the right twice without any return, and Dick got down, weak. In the last round, as soon as time was called, Jerry went direct to Lambert, planted his left heavily on the right eye, and followed it up with a tremendous right-hander on the nose, which knocked all sense out of Lambert, who was down all of a heap. The usual limit having been allowed, and Lambert not being able to come to time, his seconds threw up the sponge, and Jerry Regan was hailed the winner, after a gallant fight of one hour and a half. It was some time before Lambert came to, and he then shed tears of mortification at his defeat.

YOUNG BRUMMY DEFEATS BILL CHOISE.

On Monday, May 2d, those who were on the *qui vive* had the pleasure of witnessing a well-contested fight, for £5 a side, between Young Brummy and William Choise, at catch-weight. Neither had previously performed in the ring, but a difference of opinion respecting the merits of a glove-fight in which Brummy had proved the conqueror in a few rounds, resulted in a very neat quarrel, and the upshot was the staking of money for a battle to take place on May 2d. The deposits were made good at the time appointed, and at the final, 5 to 4 was laid upon Brummy, the layers offering to go on. Choise was much the heavier man, and had a great reputation for gameness; while Brummy was noted for the speedy manner in which he settled most of his opponents with the gloves. Young Brummy—an assumed name—was born at Birmingham on April 4, 1843, is 5ft. 6¼in. in height, and weighed on Monday about 8st. 10lb. William Choise was born on June 23, 1844, stands 5ft. 7½in., and weighed about 10st. 3lb. The place, time of meeting, &c., were amicably agreed upon, and midday on Monday witnessed the departure of about one hundred *voyageurs* from the usual station, for the scene of action. Not a hitch occurred during the journey behind the iron horse and the subsequent water trip until the first landing had been effected, when the authorities, who had been lying *perdu*, blandly informed the conductors that they must take up fresh ground. Another aquatic excursion was more successful, and the ring being soon pitched, all was ready for action. Choise was the first to throw in his cap, but Brummy entered the ring first. When the referee was appointed (after the usual trouble), Choise entered the ring, and, having won the toss, planted himself in the corner on the higher ground, and with the wind at his back. The spikes in or rather on Choise's boots were objected to, and not without reason, for they were cricketing spikes fastened on to very thick soles. Brummy had equally thick boots, but only rather long sparables, instead of spikes. The latter offered to have both taken out and fight without sparables or spikes, but eventually he gave way, and they commenced at 20 min. past 2 P. M. for round 1. Choise is a remarkably well-made man for the task set him, having all the requisites of a pugilist—without being clever—and has a most pleasing countenance. Brummy has a cast-iron phiz, as well as a well-developed frame, for his inches. He stood in by far the most artistic attitude, and that he was the cleverest, the state in which he placed Choise must tell its own tale. They sparred very quickly, Choise jumping about, but Brummy soon invested on his opponent's left eye without a return. Choise, in his eagerness, missing a couple with the left, dashed in, meeting a straight left-hander on the forehead, but he managed to close, when Brummy had the best of the in-fighting until Choise slipped down. In the second round, Brummy drew blood from the mouth with the left (the first event claimed and allowed for the "Brum"); after which, they commenced in-fighting at the ropes, where Choise threw Brummy by main strength. During the next four rounds, Brummy took a decided advantage, landing both prettily and frequently on Choise's nose, who had only paid a few trifling visits to the side of the head at close quarters, and now and again a chance shot on the body. In the fifth round, they fought to the ropes in Choise's corner, where both were down, and when they let go Choise rolled back and struck Brummy on the front of the ear with his long spikes. An appeal of foul was passed over, with a caution to be more careful. In the next round (the sixth), the fighting was in favor of Brummy, who fought his man all over the ring, and knocked him down by a fine left-handed shot on the mouth. (The second event—the first knock down—allowed for Brummy.) From this point up to the twenty-third round, Brummy had much the best of the hitting, the blows being delivered with precision at the out-fighting, while at close quarters Choise was very busy and pulled the little one all round the ring. In the tenth, Choise was knocked down by a fine right-handed upper-cut on the chin. In the eleventh and twelfth rounds, Brummy had nearly all the best, and was uppermost in the falls. In the fourteenth round, another knock-down blow was scored to Brummy by a cross-counter on the jaw. In the twenty-first round, Choise was much punished, both eyes going up, his nose and mouth awry, and, to all appearances, the battle was over; but, after tremendous exchanges, Choise closed and tossed the little one heavily, and fell on him. The great pace at which Brummy had fought to finish off Bill made him slower than heretofore, and in the twenty-third round it was evident that Choise was the strongest, for after fighting his man to the cords, he again threw the little one a burster. From the last of the above round to the twenty-eighth, the battle was more equal, as Choise had recovered from his previous weakness, and the "Brum" required breathing time; his face was becoming rather "bumpy," and his nose was cut on the bridge. The fighting was very lively until towards the conclusion, when Brummy, after good exchanges in his favor, fought his man down. The awkward manner in which Choise delivered with his left hand, made him step very high, and his spikes tore Brummy's pantaloons, inflicting at the same time awkward scratches. Twenty-eight quick rounds were fought in 31 min., after which sixteen more rounds were fought most decidedly in favor of Brummy, who was gradually but surely blinding Choise. The latter, with the exception of spiking from time to time, fought against adverse fate with the greatest gameness. Although the little one was decidedly winning, there was a regular cannonade of left and right exchanges after Brummy had landed a couple or so of "taps" on the mouth or chin and got on some good upper-cuts. There were several appeals to the referee respecting Choise's method of fighting, and, considering that Brummy's drawers were torn and his thigh spiked, it was certainly worth a caution, which having been duly given, and Choise not altering his method of going in, another appeal was made, and the result was that after they had been fighting 50 min., the referee decided that Brummy was the winner in consequence of Choise again spiking and kicking in the forty-fourth and last round. The referee's decision was perfectly just, and he did not award the victory to Brummy until Choise had been allowed such license and liberties as only the merest novices are indulged with. The winner was seconded extremely well by two well-known professionals, while a rising pugilist and his brother rather mauled Choise to his detriment than otherwise.

MERRY MILL NEAR LEICESTER.—Early in the week ending April 30, David Brown and Billy Mawby, both of Leicester, fought in the neighborhood of that town, for £5 a side, at catch weight. D. Brown is twenty-seven years of age, and weighed about 11st 2lb; Mawby is twenty-two years of age and weighed 10st 10lb. Both men were novices in the ring, never having fought before. 6 to 4 was laid freely on Mawby, who was seconded by Jack Parrott and Tommy Padmore; while Brown was esquired by Jem Parker and Jack Howe jun. During the first dozen rounds, Mawby had it all his own way, planting on his opponent when and how he liked, but afterwards Brown took a decided lead. In all, ninety rounds were fought, when the seconds of Mawby, finding that he was going blind, gave in for him, after they had fought 2 hours and 40 minutes.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

H. A. B., Detroit.—Both letters rec'd the same day; neither contained the enclosure mentioned. Thank you for the games; will give the short one soon. Thanks for other information.

J. P. SWANN, Detroit.—We sent you a copy of "CLIPPER CHESS PROB. TOURNEY" by the hands of Mr. Elder; could you ascertain what has become of it?

CHESS WORKS.—We have a spare copy each of *"Jænisch Chess Openings,"* by Walker; and Vol. I of the *"Chess Monthly,"* which we shall be willing to dispose of—the former at $2.75, the latter at $3.25, *post paid.*

OUR PROBLEMS.—In order fully to appreciate our present, and next week's problem, they should be placed side by side, this one on the left, and be studied together.

Enigma No. 430.

Arranged from play and dedicated to beginners.

BY A. Z. HUGGINS.



at his Kt sq., K Kt 8, Q B 6, Q B 5, Q Kt 6, Q Kt 5th.

at Q B 2d, at K Kt 4th.

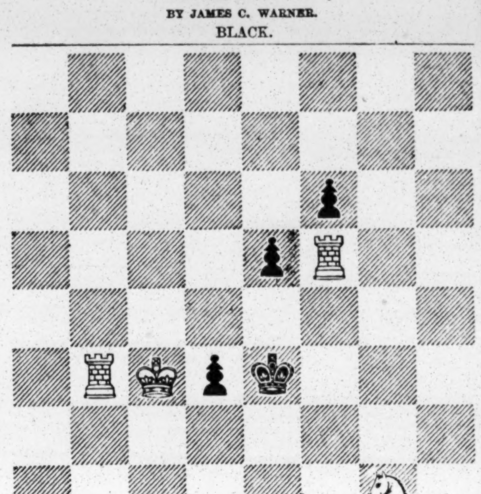
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 430.

The Siamese Twins—Chang.

BY JAMES C. WARNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 430.

An excellent little game played in the N. Y. C. C. between our contributor F. H. Elder, of Detroit, and Mr. Zerega.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Elder.	Defence, Mr. Zerega.	Attack, Mr. Elder.	Defence, Mr. Zerega.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q to Kt 2 (b)	P to Q R 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-K 2
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19..Q Kt-K 4	K R-B sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	20..Q B-R 6	K R-B 4
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	21..Q R-B sq	K B-R 4
6..Castles	P-Q 3	22..K Kt-Kt 5	Q Kt-K 4
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	23..K R-Q sq	Castles
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	24..Q Kt × B	Q P × Kt
9..P-Q 5	Q Kt-K 2	25..K R × R +	K × K R
10..P-K 5	Q B-Kt 5	26..Q-her 2 +	K-Q B sq
11..Q-R 4'+ (a)	Q-her 2	27..K Kt-K 4	Q Kt-B 5
12..K B-Kt 5	P-Q B 3	28..Q R × Kt	Kt 2d P × R
13..P-K 6	K B P × P	29..Kt-Q 6 +	K-Q Kt sq
14..Q × Q B	B P × B	30..Kt × K R	P-Q B 6
15..Q P × P	Q-her B 2	31..Q-K B R	K Kt × Kt
16..Q × Kt P	Q Kt-Kt 3	32..Q × K Kt, and the Defence resigns.	

(*a*) This is much stronger than 11..Q B to Kt 2d, which is usually played at this point.

(*b*) Q B to Kt 2d wins the exchange, but as the K P would be weak, the line of play adopted is stronger.

Brilliant *partie* between Herr Steinitz and F. Deacon, Esq., in the London C. C.—*Bell's Life.*

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Attack, Herr Steinitz.	Defence, Mr. Deacon.	Attack, Herr Steinitz.	Defence, Mr. Deacon.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..B × B P + (d)	K-his B sq
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	16..K B × Kt	K B × Kt
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	17..Q P × B	Q × K P +
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	18..Q-K 2	Q × K B
5..K Kt-K 5	K Kt-B 3	19..Q B × P (e)	Q B-B 4
6..K B-B 4	P-Q 4	20..Castles, K R	Q Kt-Q 2
7..K P × P	K B-Q 3	21..Q B-R 6 +	K-his B 2
8..P-Q 4	K Kt-R 4	22..K R × B +	Q × K R
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q-K 2	23..R-K B sq	Q × R +
10..K B-Kt 5 +	P-Q B 3	24..Q × Q +	K-his Kt 3
11..Q 2d P × P	Kt P × P	25..B-K Kt 5	P-K R 3
12..Q Kt-Q 5 (c)	Q-K 3	26..Q-her 3 +	K-his R 4
13..Q Kt-B 7 +	K B × Kt	27..Q B-K 7, and wins the *partie.*	
14..K B-B 6	Q-K 2		

(*c*) Steinitz is the Greco of the present time.

(*d*) How beautifully he has played all this!

(*e*) Short of a piece but has great command of the board. This is one of those imaginative *ad captandum* skirmishes that amateurs of every degree of force delight in reading.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

W. B. BETHELL, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Have forwarded you the documents by Kingsley & Co's Express. 2. Mr. L. returned from Europe about two weeks since. 3. We may send for those games, but at present have a supply on hand. 4. The analysis of the second match game is rich—aint it?

EXPRESS.—No news from the challenge of G. W. Foster. It may have been sent up in the vicinity of the great Lakes, to have a little "h-airing."

G. W. FOSTER, Warren, Pa.—How about the deposit and analysis of your challenge?

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Thanks for recent favors. Just at present the "Championship Games" displace all others. In the meantime the games shall be examined.

T. WARNER, Worcester, Mass.—Solution correct.

AMBROSE, New York.—Mr. Bethell's "whereabouts" we cannot define exactly; but he resides in Philadelphia.

Wylie and Martins "Played Out."

IN Game No. 2, Vol. 12—the second match game of Wylie and Martins—at the 13th move of Martins—we said 11 to 16 was the move that lost the game. The "Buffalo Champion" over (or under) his own signature has attempted to show us wrong by several "analyses, notes and variations" in the following style of play:

Martins.	Wylie.	Martins.	Wylie.
13..11 to 16	18 to 15	15.. 1 to 10	22 to 18
14.. 2 7	15 6	16.. 9(a) 14	18 9

(*a*) The aforesaid individual says the game was not lost until this move was made, and Martins should have played 7 to 11 instead.

16.. 7 to 11	(b) 30 to 25	21..13 to 22	18 to 15
17..20 24	25 21	22..11 18	23 7
18..24 28	26(c) 22	23..22 26	19 16
19.. 9 13	31 27	24..12 19	27 24
20..16 20	22 17	25..20 27	Drawn.

(*b*) Beautiful! beautiful!! but our style of play is this:—

16..	19 to 15	20.. 9 to 14	3 to 7
17..10 19	18 14	21..14 18	7 11
18.. 9 27	31 8	22..18 23	26 19
19.. 5 9	8 3	23..16 23	Wylie wins.

(*c*) *Surprisingly splendid!* Two blunders in one game. Give us another analysis.

Solution of Position No. 6, Vol. XII.

Reserved until next week. N. B.—The King on 7 is White.

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.*

1..26 to 22 17 to 26
2..27 31, and wins.

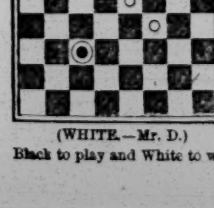
* This position is the 7th of Mr. Drummond's Third edition, but if we mistake not, it is the composition of Payne.

Position No. 7.--Vol. XII.

COMMUNICATED BY EXPRESS.

END-GAME.

BLACK.—(Mr B.)



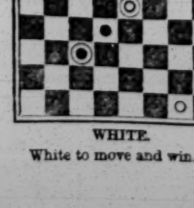
(WHITE.—Mr. D.)

Black to play and White to win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Game No. 7--Vol. XII.

SEVENTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

DOUBLE CORNER.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1.. 9 to 14	22 to 18	23..29 to 25	3 to 8
2.. 5 9	24 19	24.. 2 6	18 14
3..11(a) 15	18 11	25..25 22	14 9
4.. 8 24	28 19	26.. 6 10	9 6
5.. 4 8	25 22	27..10 14	6 2
6.. 8 11	22 18	28..22 18	8 11
7..11 16	29 25	29..13 17	11 7
8.. 7 11	18 15	30..18 23	19 15
9..11 18	21 17	31..17 22	15 11
10..14 21	23 5	32..22 26	7 10
11..16 23	26 19	33..14 17	28 24
12.. 3 7	25 22	34..23 27	30 23
13.. 7 11	27 23	35..27 18	2 6
14.. 6 9	32 28	36..18 23	24 20
15..11 16	22 18	37..12 16	6 9
16..10 14	31 26	38..16 19	11 7
17..14 17	19 15	39..19 24	9 14
18.. 9 13	23 19	40..24 27	7 2
19..16 23	26 19	41..17 22	2 6
20..17 22	15 11	42..23 26	6 9
21..22 25	11 8	43..21 25	9 13
22..25 29	8 3	44..25 30	Drawn.

(*a*) Drummond plays 11 to 16 for this move. Original play from this point.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS LOTTA,

THE VERSATILE CALIFORNIA COMEDIENNE.

This popular young actress, known as Miss Lotta, was born in Grand street, New York, on the 7th day of November, 1847. At the age of six years she left New York, in company with her parents, for California. Made her first public appearance at the age of eight years, as a vocalist with a Concert Troupe, when she was very successful in the interior of California; after which she visited San Francisco for the first time since her arrival, and joined a small dramatic company under the management of her parents, and made her first appearance as an actress in the town of Petaluma, in the character of Gertrude, in the farce called the "Loan of a Lover," in 1858; after which she travelled through California and Oregon, achieving triumph upon triumph till 1860, when, by the offer of an enormous salary, she was secured by Mr. Gilbert, then the proprietor of Gilbert's Melodeon, where she soon became the pet of the San Francisco public! Since that time she has appeared as a star at Maguire's Opera Houses in San Francisco and Virginia City, and played her last engagement in California at the New Idea Theatre, where she was the reigning favorite for six consecutive months!

Such a favorite had the subject of our sketch become, that not a night passed that she was not the recipient of some valuable testimonial, and on many occasions she has been literally showered with gold and silver coin, and another and last evidence of the popularity of Miss Lotta is, that a complimentary benefit was tendered her by her friends and admirers, which took place at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, just previous to her departure, no other theatre in California being thought large enough for that purpose. It was one of the most successful affairs that ever took place in that State. Miss Lotta left San Francisco for New York on the 23d ult., and arrived in New York on the 16th inst. It is her intention to appear for a short time only in this city, previous to her departure for Europe, where she will probably remain for one year and then return to her home in California.

Although the American stage possesses many representatives worthy of admiration, there are few who have so many essentials which command success as this lady. In person, she is rather *petite;* and her face, though not what might be termed classically beautiful, has such a winning expression that all must be charmed.

Miss L. is perfectly familiar with the business of the stage, and is always on good terms with her audiences. In male characters she enters into the pantaloons and part earnestly (instead of trying, as many of the actresses of the present day do) to make the masculine attire an excuse to reveal the woman's charms."

OUR GAME BAG.

VERY NATURAL REMARK.—"I have just met your old acquaintance, Daly," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he had almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he's thinner than both of us put together."

A DRAFTED CONFED'S ODE TO THE MOON.—

How bewtiful is this ere nite,
How brite the stars du shine;
All nater sleps in trankilniss,
But this lone hart of mine.

Our dog has kwit a barkin' now
Att fellers passin' bi,
He's gazin' at the far of mune.
Vith cam and plassid i.

When vain the thou pail face thing,
A hangin' in the skize,
Upward on with untramled wing,
Mi thauts cuts dust and flize.

HARD ON THE M. D's.—A paper speaks of a man "who died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are exceedingly rare.

SHE WAS RIGHT.—A lady friend of ours was in Avenue C, the other day, and was asked by a cousin how she liked the Balmoral stockings. "Well, I don't," said the cousin, "nor would I wear them, either; I'll be hanged if I'll make a barber's pole of my leg for the sake of being fashionable."

WHAT THEY DO.—

God bless the wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?
When we are sick,
They heal us quick—
That is, if they love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And raise tomb-stones above us.

HOW SHOULD THEY KNOW?—Some maiden ladies made soldiers' shirts about a foot too short, having no pattern to go by, and but little information. Some wag wrote on their bundle:—

Like a man without a wife,
Like a ship without a sail,
The oddest thing in life,
Is a shirt without a—proper length.

THE YOUTHFUL THEOLOGIAN AT GRACE.—A clergyman being recently from home, his son, of ten years, was asked to pronounce the blessing. "No," he replied, "I don't like the looks of them taters!"

KINDER CROWDED.—"Mother, where's the man going to sleep?" asked a girl of fifteen of her mother, who had just promised a traveler a night's rest in their out of the way hut. "I'll have to put him in with you and Jack and Kate and Sue and Bet, I suppose," was the reply, "and if it's too crowded, one of you must turn in with me and dad and Dick and the twins."

TAFFEY'S LOGIC.—"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find the man that stole the mare not guilty."

THE NEWLY MADE BRIDE'S WISH.—Charles to the altar led the lovely Jane, and to her father's house returned again, where to convey them on their wedding tour, already stood a brilliant coach and four. When lo! the gathering showers at once descend, cloud rolls on cloud, and warring winds contend; this moves him not, but in he hands his bride, and seats himself enraptured by her side; when thus to cheer the fair one he begun: "I hope we soon shall have a little sun." But she to whom the weather gave no pain, who heeded not the blast nor pattering rain, but most about her future state bethought her, replied: "My dear, *I'd rather have a daughter!*"

A TEETOTALER'S PUN.—A western editor, describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says, "When the gale was at the highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

THE DENTIST TURNED BRUISER.—"What has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. "Why, your honor, I used to be a dentist—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

AN IRISH BULL.—A Hibernian writing a sketch of his life, says he early run away from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle!

SUPPLYING THE DEVIL WITH COAL.—A little daughter of a proprietor of a coal mine in Pennsylvania was inquisitive as to the nature of hell, upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of prodigious extent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy coal of you?"

OUGHT TO WAIT TILL THEY GET OLDER.—The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of an English paper: "A clergyman wishes to exchange his two little girls, aged 9 and 7, either together or separate, for two boys."

VERY IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—

Brazen stop cocks do not crow;
(Fact perhaps you didn't know.)
Church yard "sleepers" do not snore;
(Ever heard of that before?)
Running water has no feet;
(Wisdom here that can't be beat!)
"Jolly tars" ain't always merry;
(Very wise reflection—very.)
Congress "Speakers" seldom speak;
(Sage remark, but rather weak.)
Now my wit is quite run out;
(Fact there isn't one will doubt!)

THE OLD LADY AND THE FIERCE RAM.—If an old lady in a red cloak were to overtake a fierce ram in a narrow lane, what transformation would take place? The ram would turn to butter (butt her), the old woman to a scarlet runner.

HOW DIGBY LOOKED WHEN HE WAS SOBER.—People often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Digby," said Quilp, to an acquaintance, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Digby; "I AM sober!"

NOT BAD FOR AN OLD BUFFER.—A few days since an old bruiser made his appearance at the Recorder's Court, and addressed the bench: "I say, yo' honor, my wife's habit t' drink 'toss-cat'n lickers; 'ni want you to forbid any body sel'n 'er any, else pay me fift' doll's." The Judge will attend to the sage request.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ABORIGINE.—A "big Injun" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about, he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such shortsightedness, continued, "No, Injun no lost—wigwam lost;" striking his breast, "Injun here!"

IF NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN, EIGHTEEN MUST MAKE TWO MEN.—De Quincey somewhere tells an anecdote of a man, who, on being threatened with assault by eighteen tailors, cried out, "Come on, both of you!"

AQUATICS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Richard Simmons, who purchased the celebrated twenty-six foot yacht Harry L. Harland, has had her entirely rebuilt and enlarged, making her one of the finest pleasure yachts on the Delaware. We understand that a match is pending between the Harland and Reindeer, to sail to Chester buoy and return, the former to be sailed by Mr. Simmons, the latter by Mr. Louis Zeigler.

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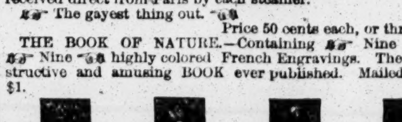
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POSTSCRIPT

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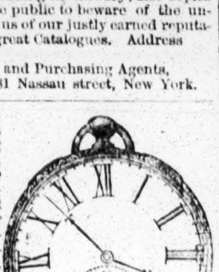
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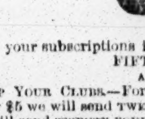
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City Summary.

Monday, May 23d, 1864.

There was less excitement during the past week than in that preceding it, and amusements were in a more flourishing condition in consequence. While the series of battles was going on, we were all upside down. When victory seemed within our grasp, and the dead latch key of Richmond in our possession, so that we could get in late at night, we were pretty heavy on the fight, and talked a good deal of bluster and nonsense; our voice was then loud for "going on," and war was voted a good thing to do; when our side halted, and the other side halted, and there was a mutual rest and cessation of hostilities, we *also* halted, and talked less glibly than we had been doing; if our voice was *loud* before for war, it was now *still* for war, and we quietly simmered down to await some new excitement on the battle field, or fresh sensation in the amusement world—to the people of this city it mattered very little which. "First come first served." Amusements had it. Manager Wheatley opened the festive ball on Broadway with a new sensation called "Bel Demonio," and all New York flocked to see it. Kate Vance gave the Bowery gods an opportunity to see another Jack Sheppard on horseback, and the Eastsiders crowded the New Bowery like mad. So we go—we must have something fresh and exciting, or, like Moses, "we'll spile." Anything will answer, except the legitimate. That we ignore. If Shakespeare were to rise from his grave, invent and compose a new dramatic work of a legitimate character, and offer it to our managers, he couldn't get the price of a plate of liver and onions for it; he would have to be educated up to *our* standard before he would pass muster in these days of improvement. He would find himself played out, snubbed, and otherwise ill-treated. And yet managers are not to blame. It's the people of this enlightened and discriminating age who are censurable. What they most like, managers find it to their interest to give them. The Fifth Avenue Hotel wouldn't insist on cramming pork and beans down the throats of its boarders when they preferred corn beef and cabbage. Would it? No, sir. The boarders would vamose the ranche, and put up at that hotel where corned beef and cabbage was the staple dish. Just so with theatrical managers. If they find the *habitues* go back on Shakespeare, they try 'em on Boucicault, and Gayler, and Poole, and Brougham, and Daley, and such as that, and if they take kindly to *their* stuff, they cram 'em with it, and pile it on just as long as the popular appetite will endure it. The more unnatural and improbable the character of the player may be, the better will the public gourmands like and swallow it. Things are wofully mixed now-a-days. Time was when the plain people as well as the public were on their dignity, when what was called a legitimate actor would avoid contact with he who was then called "only a Nigger singer," and express contempt when the latter talked about acting, etc. Now, the "Nigger singer" seems to be the more important of the two; no benefit bill is complete without a representative from the cork ... being down for a song or an act of some sort. Even the very *recherche* Wallack stock mix and mingle with "Nigger singers" now-a-days, and though the very fastidious veteran manager may not yet have engaged the services of any of the "Nigger singers" for his establishment, he may be feeling the way by permitting some of his choice people to perform with them at other houses. Who knows but that we may ere long see the gentle Henriquez corked up at one of our minstrel halls, and going it strong on "Sally Come Up" or the "Essence of Old Virginny;" or Norton playing bones and Floyd the tambo, as end men, to the middle business of Mark Smith? They are all good performers, and might meet with as much success in black as they have met with in white. Harriet Stowe first noticed our growing taste for black, and gave us "Uncle Tom," of the deepest hue. Later, Dion Boucicault gave us a touch of "Miscegenation" in his "Octoroon," and still later, Poole gave us more Nigger in "Cudjo's Cave." They all took and put money in the purses of their authors. And the mixing of "Nigger minstrels" and "white comedians" promises to be equally successful; but whether the "Nigger" will be swallowed up in the white, or the comedian in the minstrel, is yet to be seen. We shall watch the process of this dramatic and minstrel miscegenation with much interest......In last week's Clipper we told a pleasant little story about the verdant actor who was so flattered by the "fictitious" applause of the audience, that he repeated his dying scene in obedience to an *encore*. This little incident has refreshened the memory of a correspondent, "Nicol Jarvie," and he very kindly tells, for the amusement of our readers, a little screed about an actor in Glasgow. We'll let him tell the tale. Says he: Any one acquainted in Glasgow, Scotland, must remember an old established "Show"—now a meeting house—at the foot of the Salt Market. The performances never exceeded twenty minutes or so in duration, but were repeated, perhaps a dozen times a night, of course to fresh audiences; and although so short was the time, a 4 or 5 act Tragedy would sometimes be played, and the "heavier" the style, the more acceptable it was to the class who constituted the audience, who were on very familiar terms with all the actors, calling out their names approvingly whenever they did anything brilliant. One great feat of a certain actor was to make a "clean fall" whenever he got killed; he had done it so well one night, that "Jamie" was loudly called upon to "gie us't over again;" which he at once got up and did, and did it better than the first; again was he *encored*, and again he complied; still unsatisfied, its repetition was demanded, but this time Jamie "could not see it"—he quietly turned over on his elbow, and told them that "as sure's death, chaps, that's the best I can do." ......While talking of *encores*, we may be permitted to say that this sort of thing is getting to be a great bore, both to performers and the public. If a song, or an act, is good enough for an *encore*, let those who wish to hear or see it repeated, make another visit to the theatre at a future time, and pay for the sight. We have frequently seen dancers called out to repeat a dance which had already so fatigued them that they were scarcely able to stand up; but the public willed a repetition, and the manager ordered them on again. The same holds good of singers, etc. We wonder Vestvali isn't called upon to repeat the dangerous leap she makes in the new play of "Bel Demonio." If good actions outside of the theatre were to be *encored* as they are in it, how the poor workman would *encore* his employer on salary day. They are terrific on the "encore" in music halls. We have heard a singer called out six times, each time to sing a song different from the one set down for him in the programme, and when the poor fellow was played out and sung out, he was permitted to retire "amid the hearty applause of a delighted audience." *That* was his reward for making himself cheap, stale, and common. Sometimes it is well enough to repeat a verse, or give an extra *pas*, but it don't answer to run the thing into the ground, as we have been doing of late. We remember when John Brougham opened his Lyceum (now Wood's Broadway Theatre) that John was called upon for a speech, and he made them such a good one that he was called out the next night, and the next, and every night; until one night, after he had made an unusually funny speech, and retired, he was *encored*, and *had to say the same thing over again!* From that time John shut down on the stump, and confined his speeches to the text of the play......It's getting a little warm, fellers, and if the thermometer continues to go up, show business must come down; at least, the "heavy business" will suffer; for it's terribly trying to wade through a five act play with the thermometer at 80 and upwards. Short, spicy, light pieces are what we want in summer. Let managers take notice.

Mrs. John Wood's company appeared during the past week in the drama of "Satan in Paris," and the farcetta of "A Scene in the Life of an Unprotected Female," Miss Henrietta Irving doing Satan in the first piece, and Mrs. Wood the Unprotected Female, both ladies appearing to great advantage.......A new importation is up for this evening, 23d inst. It is a comedy entitled "Paul's Return," by Watts Phillips, and which has been playing at the Princess's Theatre, London, with very fair success. At the Olympic, Mr. Charles Barron has been engaged to play the leading part. The cast of the new comedy is as follows:—Beatrice Goldsworthy, Miss Irving; Blanche Wilton, Mrs. Sedley Brown; Zenovia, Miss Vining; Mrs. Clampit, Mrs. Preston; Mrs. Goldsworthy, Miss Walters; Paul Goldsworthy, Mr. Barron; Richard Goldsworthy, Mr. Jamieson; Geoffrey Goldsworthy, Mr. T. Owens; Abel Honeydew, Mr. J. H. Stoddart; Howard Flyntskin, Mr. Berry; Herbert, Mr. G. H. Clarke; Beeswing, Mr. Bruceman......Added to the new comedy, will be "Easy Shaving," in which Mrs. Wood will again appear in her great character of the pretty barber of Islington, which met with so much success when first produced here some time ago.

The Florences have been reviving the "Ticket of Leave Man" at the Winter Garden, but it has been up-hill work, the "great moral drama" being played out on its former representation. It was performed to rather poor audiences last week, and was shelved on the 21st.

J. B. Booth of the California theatres, arrived here on the 17th inst., from San Francisco.

The Fire King, Buono Core, gave a private exhibition to members of the press on the 18th inst., at Jones' Wood. The mighty pen was largely represented on the occasion, and the "slingers of ink" seemed to enjoy the scene with unusual fervor. A sort of wire cage was rigged up, and this was covered and surrounded by chips and wood, and when the mass was fired, the Fire King entered the cage, and amid the fiery element stood and walked unharmed. While this harmless roasting was going on, the press showed the greatest interest, and really appeared delighted at the prospect of the poor fellow being broiled to death, so that they could have abundant material for a sensation paragraph. When the fire had burnt itself out, and the man came forth from the ordeal without having a hair of his head even singed, the countenances of our brethren became wofully elongated, and it was not until refreshments were announced that they resumed their wonted serenity. The exhibition of the day was certainly a novelty, and it is suggested that the Fire Department might make Buono Core's discovery a valuable auxiliary in the saving of human life and property during conflagrations. On the 25th inst., a public exhibition of the Fire King will be given in Jones' Wood, when the experiments will be more clearly developed than on the ....

Five Ethiopian Comedians are now under engagement to Mr. Wood, of Wood's Minstrels, forming as large and as talented a combination of funny talent as can be found with any other organization in the world. This quintette of mirth comprises Frank Brower, an actor in every sense of the word, and at present without a superior in his speciality; Charley Fox, an eccentric performer of considerable merit when he is in the vein; J. T. Boyce, a very clever end man, and equal on the stump to Ann Dickinson; W. H. Budworth, handy on the end, or in special acts with the banjo, etc.; and last, but by no means inferior, Frank Moran, who has just been engaged, and who will make his first appearance with the company on the 25th inst. With this extraordinary comic force and a quartette of very good vocalists, with equally talented instrumentalists, Wood's Minstrels may now take rank with the best troupe in existence.

Kate Vance is in the fourth and last week of her engagement at the New Bowery. On the 16th she appeared in the equestrian Jack Sheppard drama, to one of the largest audiences ever gathered in that establishment...... On the night of her benefit, 13th inst., Miss Vance was presented with a costly and beautiful set diamond ring, worth, we should judge, about $250. This evening, 23d inst., the drama of "Herne the Hunter," with Miss Kate as the Hunter, and Don Juan as the steed, will form the main attraction of a well-arranged programme. As this will be the first time of this great equestrian spectacle in several years, Manager Lingard has put it on the stage in a liberal style, and there should be a large attendance to encourage the efforts of Mr. Lingard and his'n, and Miss Vance and Herne.

The Strange Man on Broadway has accomplished what many of his predecessors failed in, and that is, in drawing large audiences to his Salle Diabolique, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. This pretty little hall has generally been regarded as an unlucky place to spend money on, but Heller went in, and let the people know where he was, what he was about, and many other things which they knew not of before. Now, the place is doing a greenback manufacturing business, and the issues of Heller's notes are only equalled by the duties taken at the ticket office. Whether it is the illusions or the pianoforte performances, or both, *we* can't tell. It is enough to know that the people go there pleased, and come away with pleasant faces and happy remarks.

When Old Progress, of Pilgrim renown, was toiling up the hill, with his little old bundle strapped on his back, as we see him sometimes represented in picture books, he imagined that he had all the trouble in the world; but he was mistaken. Managers have as large a share as old Progress ever had. They must always be on the lookout for something new—are forever in trouble with leading people or supes—have to keep a sharp eye on the manager close by, and see that *he* don't get hold of anything that *they* can't get, and all that. Its a laborious life, and yet there's money in it, when things are *well* managed. There's Manager Butler, "frinstance"—he of 444 Broadway—he's chasing up old Chase's picters, and salting them down in 10-40's with the greatest good feeling imaginable. Bob—the boys *all* call him Bob for short—ought to be worth a carriage and footman by this time if we know anything about simple addition and Pieball's arithmetic. If Bob finds one thing won't answer, he tries something else; but never "rides a free horse to death"—we forget where we heard that, and don't know that its applicable here, but its a good thing, and we slip it in, just as the stage manager of 444 slips in "Toodles" this week at that house, which is almost trenching on the assumed rights of the bigger houses. The *role* of Toodles is taken by Jas. Maffitt, and Mrs. Tabitha Toodles by Lizzie Schultze. They have also secured a magician at the American, his performances so far being very well received.

We are glad to see that Mr. George Wood has already made several additions to his company at the Broadway Theatre. Mrs. Waller terminated her "English Tragedy" and engagement on the 21st. This evening, 23d, F. S. Chanfrau tries *his* style of business, opening as Lord Dundreary and Brother Sam, in "Our American Cousin at Home." Fanny Browne, Marie Boniface, and others are announced to appear.

Nothing new at Wallack's but old comedies rehashed, and old adaptations revamped. Miss Jane Coombes is getting on better terms with her audiences, and may become a general favorite one of these days.

There is to be another new play at the Old Bowery this evening, something of a different class to the attractions usually given there, but none the less entertaining. It is called "The Upper Ten and Lower Twenty," in which some novel effects and tableaux will be introduced. The entire company will take part in this new play, and the combined resources of the entire establishment will be called into service to give proper effect to the various features of the piece. G. L. Fox's pantomime of "The Schoolmaster" will also be performed in connection with the new drama. The old house will be tested to its fullest capacity this evening to see Mr. DeWalden's latest effort in the dramatic line.

"The Buffalo Gals" of come-out-to-night fame are well-remembered by almost everybody, and it was not until very recently that we were permitted to learn anything about the "Buffalo Boys," but they can now be seen and heard, too, in all their terpsichorean and cloggistic excellence at Bryants' Minstrels, where they are at present engaged. The many acts of Nigger Minstrelsy peculiar to this band are still given with "amusing seriousness." Business keeps up very well at this house.

That Beautiful Little fairy spectacle, "Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper," is the piece chosen by Mrs. Holman for the opening of her new place of amusement in Broadway. This has always been a favorite attraction for families everywhere, and in this city has drawn the largest audiences when performed at Niblo's and other theatres. Mrs. Holman has fitted up her hall in a very tasteful manner, and will commence her season this evening, May 23d. The location is 720 Broadway.

Cubas is lying dangerously ill in this city. At one time it was feared she could not long survive.

Vestvali did a "terrific leap" in the new play of "Bel Demonio," at Niblo's, but, on the evening of the 18th, she came near making her last jump, having been accidentally thrown down the "deep declivity." Happily, she escaped without serious injury.

"Bel Demonio," the latest London sensation, was produced at Niblo's on the 16th inst., the performance being attended by one of the most crowded houses of the season, every seat being occupied, and when the curtain rose even standing room was like almost everything else now-a-days, at a premium. The story was taken from Stendhal's Italian "Chronicles," by that very clever dramatist, John Brougham. It is a new version of the French drama of "L'Abbaye de Castro," of which an adaptation by Messrs. Dion Boucicault and John Bridgeman was produced at the London Olympic, Feb. 17th, 1851, while under W. Farren's management; and then called "The Broken Vow," a romance in the life of Sixtus the Fifth. It is an old piece to us, for we recollect having seen it played at Niblo's in this city, under the title of the "Pope of Rome," when Boucicault was at that establishment in October, 1853, and at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 7th, 1861, under the title of "Sixtus the Fifth." It is an historical truth that Felix Peretti, afterwards Pope Sixtus Fifth, from the station of a vine-dresser's son at Montalto, rose through successive gradations to the dignity of the Papal chair. The assumption of the triple crown was further assisted by the ruse he practised. He affected to be bowed down with age and infirmities, and when Pope Gregory (XIII.) died, the interest of the more influential candidates being nearly equal, they agreed to choose Montalto for the present, who appeared incessantly coughing, and at the very threshold of death. No sooner, however, had the tiara been placed on his head, than he threw away his staff, and chanted *Te Deum* with a voice so strong that the roof of the chapel is said to have echoed with the sound. He held the Papal chair five years, (1580-1585,) and during this period it is recorded of him, to his honor, that he undertook numerous magnificent works, governed with firmness and talent, and left a large sum in his treasury. It is just preceding this exhibition of the shrewd Cardinal's trick to gain the Popedom that the story of the drama is supposed to take place. Mr. Wheatley, in announcing the play, promised new scenery, new costumes, new appointments and novel mechanical effects, besides an excellent *corps de ballet*, and a liberal force of auxiliary aid; and in every respect did he keep his word. The cast presented was in some respects good, while the errors consequent upon a first performance, such as a forgetfulness of the text and mismanagement of the scenic effects, were unusually few, the principal drawback being the great delay between the acts, one that each successive performance will no doubt lessen. The music was not on a par, we thought, with the excellence of the other features of the presentation, though it was nevertheless good. The first scene displays a view of Italian ruins, among which is located the residence of Angelo—M'lle Vestvali—a young artist whose origin is clothed in mystery, but who aspires to the hand of the daughter of the patrician family of the Campireali, the father and son of which, Nunan and Collier, enter upon the scene in search of the "base minion" Angelo, with a view to mischief, but finding no one but a young peasant girl, Mrs. Skerrett, on whom to vent their anger, retire vowing vengeance. They are followed by one Rannuccio, Burnett, a veteran warrior, who claims Angelo as his protege, having served under the youth's now dead father; and he leads by the arm the old and apparently decrepid Cardinal Montalto—Hagan—who is engaged in a scene which embraces the gratification of his vengeance against the Orsini faction of Rome, and his ambition to occupy the Pontifical chair in the Holy City. Presently Angelo appears on the scene, and shortly afterwards is confronted by Fabio—Collier—the brother of his betrothed, and by him insulted; the affront being borne with on account of his relationship to the loved one. The next scene presented is an apartment in the Campireali Palace, in which Lena—Miss Eytinge—and her mother, the Countess—Miss Wells—are seen in conversation, the topic being Lena's confession of love to her mother, who, strange to say, sympathizes with her daughter at the expense of her family pride. The third scene of the act represents the grand hall of the palace, in which are seated the family councillors discussing the question of the election of a new Pontiff. Suddenly the Cardinal enters, and he at once is selected as a fitting tool for the furtherance of the schemes of the Campirealis; and as such is nominated as a candidate for the Pontifical chair. When the council is dissolved, the hall vacated, and night ensues, Lena enters and prepares for a clandestine interview with Angelo, who visits her through the window and sings that charming air "You are the Star." They are interrupted, however, and Angelo is forced to fly, the scene closing with the entrance of her father, and his announcement of the intended marriage of his daughter to one of the Orsini family the next day. The 2d act opens with a scene representing the exterior of an Italian Inn, the occasion of the crowd of peasants that are assembled being the celebration of the festival of the Patriots, during which the efficient *corps de ballet* go through with the beautiful Tarantella dance, the whole scene being remarkably effective and picturesque. Then follow a series of plots and counterplots, the parties to which are the senior and junior Campirealis and the Cardinal, and Angelo and his soldier friend Rannuccio, in the course of which Fabio is shot. Angelo disappears from the scene, Lena is placed in a convent, and the Cardinal virtually made a prisoner, and thereby retarded in the progress of his designs to secure the Papal Sovereignty. The developement of these occurrences occupies the 3d act, and the last act opens with a scene in the guard room of the convent, and in this act Brougham's ingenuity in constructing plots is very plainly shown. Rannuccio, by stratagem, has managed to obtain the confidence of the convent guard, and, pretending illness, is allowed to abide in the room. While there he makes preparations to reach the cell in which Lena is confined in the convent, but cannot get along without the aid of Angelo, who is gone he knows not where. While the guard is absent the Cardinal enters, and an understanding between him and Angelo's friend ensues, and they agree to plot together to secure Lena and to escape with her. The soldiers then come in to enjoy a private carousal, the means of which are smuggled in through the window, Angelo appearing as the smuggler in the disguise of his son. He is in search of Rannuccio, and they soon meet but do not recognize each other except by signal. By means of songs and stories they convey to each other the knowledge of what they have to tell, and finally Angelo disappears from the scene in search of Lena. He gains admittance to the convent, and soon finds himself in the corridor of the Abbey, where Lena has been left for dead. While gazing upon her, she revives, *a la* Romeo and Juliet. The Count and friends now rush in to prevent his escape, but Bel Demonio's band of Zingari break through the walls and come to his assistance in time to save him. At this juncture, a new Pope is announced, who proves to be the wily Cardinal Montalto, who, as Sixtus the Fifth, reduces the power of the Count's faction, and pronounces a benediction on the loving pair, and the green baize descends. The construction of the drama is only moderately good. The early action is even and transparent, but, as it thickens with incident, it becomes confused. Mr. Brougham is familiar with poetical literature, and he unwittingly *borrows* ideas, dresses them to suit his fancy, and thus partially disguised, we find them flitting in pompous masquerades through his dramatic pieces. The auditor, in listening to portions of the dialogue of "Bel Demonio," is reminded of something he has heard or read from some other work. There is an indistinct recollection of a passage from Shakespeare—a vague memory of something from the "Lady of Lyons"—a familiar recurrence to the play of "Richelieu"—a reminiscence of "Romeo and Juliet," and so the play continues on to the end. The dialogue is at times colloquial in the extreme, full of common places and truisms, with an occasional relief of tolerably well turned sentiment. On its first representation it dragged very heavily, and the waits between the acts and between the scenes were very long, the stage being kept waiting three or four minutes, and between the last two acts the curtain was down just fourteen minutes. The piece was placed upon the stage—as Manager Wheatley does everything—in capital style. The costumes were all new and elegant; the scenery was new, and some of it very beautiful. The scene of the Abbey Ruins in the first act was very pretty, and the Mountain Torrent in the second scene of the third act was very cleverly arranged, particularly the moving away of the bridge after Angelo's escape. Vestvali, who was engaged to appear as Angelo, looked and dressed the part exceedingly well, but it was a very difficult thing to understand one-third of what she was talking about. Her broken English was almost too much for us on this occasion. Mr. Hagan, late of the Winter Garden, where he gained considerable praise for his performance of Hawkshaw in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," was engaged expressly to play the part of Montalto, the wily Cardinal, one of the best parts in the piece, and which was well acted. The Lena of Miss Rose Eytinge was one of the best things we have ever seen her do. The rest of the characters were of but very little account, they merely helping to fill up and bring the piece to a successful termination. The new play has been given throughout the week to large business, and will continue until further notice.

The Broadway Theatre (formerly Wallack's) was thrown open for the first dramatic performance under the management of Mr. George Wood, on Monday evening, the 16th inst. The theatre presents a beautiful interior, having been thoroughly regenerated, and it will now vie with any establishment in the city for cleanliness and beauty. The piece chosen for the initial performance, was a play in five acts, by Fanny Kemble, entitled "An English Tragedy," and Mr. and Mrs. Waller were engaged to perform the leading business. The attendance on the opening night was not what it should have been, although the attractions at other houses were calculated to draw attention from the new place. The new play failed to create any lasting impression, and with two or three exceptions, the members of the company appeared in anything but a favorable light. When the theatre was in the heighth of its popularity, Mr. Wallack had a first class company under his management; and Mr. Wood, to ensure equal patronage, must have a company as nearly equal to it in point of merit as it is possible to engage at this time of year. The company now engaged is inefficient in many respects; two or three good people are not sufficient to enact all the characters in a drama, nor can an artist like Mrs. Waller be sustained by auxiliaries, some of whom are inferior in their knowledge of the stage and its requirements to many amateurs we could mention. It is too often the policy of managers to depend upon the superiority of two or three high-priced stars, rather than upon the general excellence of their company. The greater talent of the few only makes more apparent the defects and inferiority of the company in general. Every excuse should be made for Manager Wood; he is a stranger to our people, and to their tastes; when he has been with us a little while, he will better understand our wants and our peculiarities, and with experience he will no doubt improve his company, and thereby place himself on good terms with the theatre-going public. Mrs. Waller, the present star, is an *artiste*, and her acting of Anne Winthrope, in the "English Tragedy," is powerful and meritorious, and really worth witnessing. She was supported by her husband, whose voice is somwhat against making him very popular; nevertheless, he is a clever actor. Mr. Shirley France, the leading man, is careful and pains-taking, and not new to the New York public. Mrs. Sloan is also worthy of mention. As for Fanny Kemble's new play, we may say that as the taste of New York runs at present, "An English Tragedy" is, perhaps, a little in advance of the times. We require a great deal of blue and red fire; leaps from impossible crags; stage Irishmen with club attachment; rough language, and all that sort of thing. Just now we are on the sensation rampage. After a while, we may be able to appreciate poetic sentiment and pretty talk.

Jerome Blitz, magician and ventriloquist, has arrived in this city after a five months' tour west.

Married, on Sunday, May 15th, Mr. Ferdinand Tourniaire to Miss Kate Ormond, both at the time members of Spalding & Rogers Ocean Circus, performing at the Hippotheatron. May their future life be made as happy by the wedding ring as their past career has proved successful in the circus ring. They have left the Ocean Circus, and commenced operations this week with the Dan Rice show.

The Hippotheatron closed on Saturday, May 21st, Spalding & Roger's Ocean Circus having terminated their season that evening.

A Grand Miscellaneous Entertainment is advertised to take place at Clinton Hall in this city, on the 2nd of June. As a good *corps* of performers appear to have been secured, the entertainment should prove profitable to the manager of the same,—Mr. H. Byron. See advertisement in another column.

The Blaisdell Brothers and Swiss Bell Ringers, consisting of Mad. Julia Blaisdell, solo harpist; Rhodolph Hall, solo cornet and leader of band; Fred Bud, solo violinist; Frank Moore, solo flutist; Little Clara, balladist and character singer; and the Blaisdell Brothers, making, in all, nine performers, sailed for California this day (the 23d). They intend being absent about five months.

M. Ainsley Scott has been engaged by M. C. Campbell, for his new Minstrel Opera House in the Bowery. Mr. Scott will act as basso and interlocutor.

M. C. Campbell, the well-known Minstrel Manager, was astonished last Friday evening at his dwelling on 3d Avenue, and awakened from his slumbers by the music of a full brass band, who gave the manager a grand old-fashioned serenade. A quartette was also in attendance, and discoursed most beautiful music. After the serenaders had sung and blowed themselves hoarse, they were called in, and did justice to a bountiful repast. Everything passed off in a very pleasant manner.

Mrs. C. K. Fox has manufactured an entirely new version of the history of "Jack Sheppard," which was produced at Mr. C. K. Fox's benefit, on the 20th inst. In a preface to the drama, the authoress says: "A romantic occurrence connected with the death of the famous house-breaker, not generally known, but which the history of that eventful period has handed down, is the foundation of this drama. After the execution of "Sheppard," the body was demanded for interment by his faithful follower, "Blueskin." For some reason the request was denied, but by stratagem was obtained from the custody of Wild, and, in compliance with Jack's last wishes, was buried in Williston churchyard, by the side of his mother. It was while engaged in this last sad office, that the band were alarmed and astonished at the appearance in their midst of a young man, the counterpart in face, form and dress of their late captain. Supposing it a visitant from another world, their terror knew no bounds, which was changed to wonder and admiration when the stranger announced herself as being Maud Trenchard, the cousin and only female relative of Jack Sheppard, whose surprising resemblance to him enabled her successfully to carry out her purpose of revenge upon Wild. She was adopted unanimously as leader of the gang, and, until Wild's death, held that position. Many of the daring escapes and adventures attributed to Jack after his supposed miraculous escape from hanging, were perpetrated by the daring female who personated him, and Wild's death, met, it is said, at her hand, was the result of her romantic achievment and the signal for her return to the gentle life of woman, much to the sorrow of the band, who were deeply attached to her." Perhaps some of our readers may not be acquainted with these facts, but it is never too late to learn. How are you, "Female Jack Sheppard?"

Actresses desirous of adding a new and attractive drama to their *repertoire*, will perceive that Mrs. C. K. Fox, the talented young American dramatist, has written another piece, entitled "The Female Jack Sheppard, or the Highwayman Avenged," which has been performed with great success at the Old Bowery Theatre, the right to play which may be secured by referring to an advertisement elsewhere. Mrs. Fox is the authoress of "The Ticket-of-Leave Woman," "Jack Sheppard and his Dog," "Ghost of Altenburg," "Rag Woman and her Dogs," etc., all of which may be secured by managers desirous of bringing out pieces of the sensation school.

The Fine Arts.—One of the finest private picture galleries in this city is at the Clifton Shades, 15 East Houston street, near Broadway, a newly established restaurant, on the English plan, where the visitor can at all hours be supplied with the choicest delicacies of the *cuisine*, and the purest and best of bibibles—whether vinous, spirituous or home-brewed, at all hours. It is in the immediate vicinity of the theatres, and a pleasant hour can always be spent with the popular and gentlemanly young proprietor, Harry Clifton, who is always at home to welcome his friends. The opening night was on Saturday last, and the occasion was a highly enjoyable and convivial one. The fine gallery of paintings is well worthy of a visit, composing as it does some of the master-pieces of our most famous artists.

Johanna Claussen continues to meet with success at the Stadt Theatre, the attendance being quite large when she appears, while her performances give evident satisfaction to the numerous patrons of the Stadt.

Dramatic.

Miss Jennie Hight was the recipient of a benefit on the 13th inst., at Wood's, Louisville. A correspondent says:—The house was filled to overflowing with the beauty and *elite* of the Louisville circles. The plays were "Arline, the Rose of Killarney," and the "Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish." In my opinion, the Aline of Miss Hight could not have been better played. Nor was the Naramattah at all behind the Arline, in point of acting. The "Wandering Davy" of Mr. George Radcliffe, in the former piece, was a splendid bit of acting, as was the "Conanchet" of Mr. J. W. Albaugh, in the latter piece. Miss Jennie goes from here to Chicago, thence to Nashville and Indianapolis......On the 16th, McKean Buchanan and his daughter commenced an engagement at the Louisville Theatre with "London Assurance," and Mr. Daniel Bandmann, the German tragedian, commenced at Wood's Theatre with Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Kate Denin and Sam Ryan are at Nashville this week.

Rouse's Star Combination, after playing to big houses in Harrisburg, have gone to Reading and Pottsville, Pa., where they have been doing well.

Dubois' Combination opened at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, on the 16th, with the "Octoroon," with the following troupe:—H. C. Andrews, W. H. Matthews, F. Moreland, H. Keyser, R. G. Wilson, E. Ehesle, G. Mitchel, G. U. Shield, Mr. Johnson, Emily Stanly, Mary Dumas and Mattie Sutherland.

Max Maretzek's Opera Troupe were advertised for Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 19th.

We visited Mrs. Conway's Park, Brooklyn, on the 17th, to see her representation of "East Lynne," and though we expected to see it well done, we were not prepared for the admirable acting of Mr. and Mrs. Conway, whose impersonation of the two leading characters was unquestionably the finest rendition of the same we have ever seen. The quiet, artistic appreciation and performance of the character of Carlyle by Conway, and the life-like and powerful representation of Lady Isabel by Mrs. Conway, imparted such deep interest to the performances as entirely to absorb the attention and elicit the sympathy of every one in the audience. In the last scene, when as Madame Vine she attends her dying child and is discovered by her husband, her acting was to the highest degree artistic and praiseworthy, and so powerful was the scene rendered, and so painfully true to nature was her every word and action, that scarcely a single dry eye was to be seen in the house; and when she appeared before the curtain in response to an enthusiastic call, with her husband and the little girl who took the part of the boy, a perfect storm of applause greeted the trio, the outburst being an involuntary tribute paid to true artistic merit. Both of these artists were ably supported by the company throughout, and the play in every respect proved to be an exceedingly creditable representation. Mrs. Tyrrell, one of the favorites of the original Park company, has been added to Mrs. Conway's *corps dramatique*.

C. J. Heartwell has been doing leading business at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, to the great satisfaction of his audiences. As the father of Marie in "The Pearl of Savoy" he is highly commended, and the critics state that "the character was well conceived and most truthfully and pathetically portrayed." He closes at Pike's on June 6th, after which he will be prepared to negotiate with managers for engagements. See advertisement in our theatrical columns.

Nothing very new in Memphis—Theatricals still stagnating, an occasional rise on special occasions—such as the Sons of Malta patronizing the Olympic for Tom Coney's benefit. Our correspondent, "Veteran" says: "A grand turn out of the Ingomar Lodge took place, and if all the folks assembled to view the outside show had gone into the theatre, I'd like to have taken the dimes—a good house was the result anyhow, and after that we burnt the Records, and adjourning to the Lodge, had a general *flare-up*, some even stopping till morning dawned, and then trying to find their way home. The Provost Guards (on this occasion) instead of marching them off to *durance vile*, to the Irving Hotel (prison), kindly aiding them in their researches for Dulce Domum, and many were the straps among the lot. Another *bit of a bust* came off on Friday, 8th, at the New Memphis—benefit of Colonel John McDonald commanding brigade Tennessee enrolled *mellish*. Capt. Hammersly and son showed out, *a la militaire*, in a passage of arms, small sword—sabre, and sabre against bayonet—the young-*un* sabre, the old-*un bayonet*, (as Mrs. Partington would say). The latter also '*a la* Saladin' cutting the silk scarf and ribbons. The novelty took well......I looked in at the National the other night; the black faces and flesh colored tights, drew well—audiences, or rather spectators, not *very* select, but highly applausive, and the greenbacks flow in; but the military authorities are down on us like a thousand of brick: the lines are to be completely closed next (last week,) and business and (of course) pleasure will then stagnate considerably."

Browne and Pike's Dramatic Combination is still flourishing in the Eastern country; their success, we learn, has been far beyond their expectations, and their prospects appear very brilliant. The new Opera House will be completed early in August, and the regular season commence about the 1st of September. Good useful working people, who want good, sure situations, would do well to address the managers, see their advertisement in this week's issue.

The Irish Comedian, Mr. J. W. Ward, was to commence a two week's star engagement at the Athenæum, Columbus, Ohio, on the 22nd inst., he having just concluded one at the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Westward Ward is said to be on an upward and onward career, if so, fame will be his sure reward. He has several new Irish dramas not yet performed, which, together with his abilities, should commend him to the notice of various managers.

At the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, "East Lynne" ran tolerably well all the week. On Monday the "Colleen Bawn" was to be performed.

The Harrison English Opera Troupe are announced to give the Brooklynites "Fra Diavalo" at the Academy of Music, on the 23d. The company consists of Madame Borchard, Miss Josephine Myers, Messrs Campbell, Castle, Seguin, Skaats, White, &c. What with the regular performances at the Park Theatre, the Opera at the Academy, Dan Rice's Circus, Hooley's Minstrels, and Bowers and Prendergast's Company at the Athenæum, Brooklyn is well supplied with amusements.

A New Equestrian Sensation has started up in San Francisco. The Menken left on the 23d for England, when, presto! there suddenly appears another fair female equestrian artist—Miss Mattie Field. She made her first bow at the New Idea on the 25th of April, and positively electrified the boys by the exquisite beauty of her form, the grace of her attitudes, and the excellence of her acting. Our correspondent "Eureka" says, "Who she is, or where she comes from, is a mystery; none appear to know anything about her except that she is divinely beautiful, and all seem to be going mad."

Ward, with a Dramatic Company, including Mrs. Hayne and Mrs. Leighton, has started for the Boise Mines, six hundred miles, on mule-back. Oh my!

C. Pope and Virginia Howard were playing in Virginia City, at Maguire's Opera House.

Miss Fanny B. Price, the tragic actress, concluded an engagement at the Evansville Theatre on the evening of May 21st, on which occasion she was the recipient of a grand complimentary benefit, tendered to her by the *elite* of the city. She commences an engagement of two weeks at the Terre Haute (Ind.) Theatre on the 23d, opening in "Camille."

The Webb Sisters closed their engagement with the Buffalo Theatre on the 21st., Miss Emma appearing as Don Leander in the "Invisible Prince."

J. W. Wallack, Jr., Mr. E. L. Davenport and Miss Fanny Davenport were underlined, last week, on the Metropolitan Theatre bills, Buffalo. They play a week at that place, commencing on the 23d.

Barney Williams and wife played a brief engagement of four nights at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, commencing on Monday, 16th inst., and so well did they succeed in attracting audiences, that their nett proceeds of the four nights performances yielded them nearly two thousand dollars. The night of their benefit did not equal the receipts of their first appearance, although the house was tolerably well filled.

Sanitary rules in St. Louis just now. One of our correspondents, "Plantagenet," sends us the following budget of show news under date of May 9th:—"During the week last past, everything has been Sanitary. Sanitary benefits have been profusely and indiscriminately forced down the throats of the 'dear public,' until that 'dear public' seems sorely inclined to repudiate, or, classically speaking, to 'go back on them.' Preparations for the great Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair have, also, engrossed the attention of the aforesaid 'darling public,' but notwithstanding all this the several places of amusement in the city have each been doing a business of which they have no good reason to complain........ As I before wrote, Bandmann was the 'star' at the St. Louis Theatre week before last, but was not at all remarkable for brilliance. If, as Mrs. Partington says, 'stars are heavenly bodies,' I suppose Bandmann is no exception to the general-rule, and I am quite sure that the manager wished him in heaven or some other mythical locality supposed to be one of the characteristics of dim futurity. He remained four nights of last week, playing 'Othello,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Don Cæsar de Bazan,' drawing no better, however, than during the previous week. His engagement was prolonged because the sickness of Miss Helen Western, who was to succeed him, rendered it impossible for her to open at the time fixed. The two remaining nights of last week Ben De Bar appeared, drawing houses far better than any during Bandmann's engagement. Mr. Bandmann is not a bad actor—neither is he great—not enough to do any good—but he would doubtless become quite a favorite as leading man in some good theatre. For him to aspire beyond this is simply ridiculous...... Saturday evening Mr. Sherry took a benefit, when an 'immense' bill was presented, and a full house the natural result. The bill comprised the 'Miser of Marseilles,' by the St. Louis Dramatic Association, the farce of 'Young Wife and Old Umbrella,' in which Ben De Bar appeared, and selections from 'Richard III.'......... Helen Western opened on Monday evening of this week, in 'Satan in Paris.' The attendance was only fair, and I have seen much more made of the part than she made of it. The support she received, although not excellent, was certainly very fair. Last evening the house was full. The bill consisted of the 'Actress of Padua' and the farce of 'Jenny Lind,' Miss Western appearing in both pieces. In the first piece she didn't make a 'hit,' but her Jenny Leatherlungs, in the farce, was very fair, indeed. This evening the 'French Spy' and 'Pet of the Petticoats' are up, with Miss Western in each title *role*. She remains but two nights more. ......On Saturday evening next the best amateur talent of this city are to render the opera of 'Martha' at the St. Louis Theatre for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair, and as the price of tickets is fixed at two dollars, and they are nearly all sold already, 'summut han'sum' will of course be realized for the Fair......Next week, it is said, we are to have Couldock, and afterwards Laura Keene. I look forward with keen anticipations of pleasure to the fair Laura's arrival......On Monday evening last, the St. Louis Dramatic Association gave a performance for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair. The bill comprised 'Richard III.' and the 'Tailor of Tamworth.' To-morrow evening another amateur society which has not yet been christened, present 'London Assurance' for the same charitable purpose......Mrs. Welsh Edwards is still in this city in very bad health. She leaves in a few days for the country, where I hope she may soon regain her health. She is an *artiste* whom the public would be loth to lose at the—we may say commencement of a career that cannot fail to prove brilliant...... At the Varieties the 'Knights of the Lurlie Berg,' has been resuscitated for this week, for the especial delectation of visitors to the fair, and it never fails to fill the house. Kate Pennoyer—the dashing, charming, 'bonnie Kate'—took a benefit at this institution on Friday evening of last week, on which occasion the house was crowded. The fair Kate appeared as the 'French Spy,' and got through it in a very creditable manner......At the Bowery there is no change since our last—except postal currency—of which there has been 'gobs.' C. A. Lewis made a grand 'fizzling squizzle' of his great 'biological rope feat' on the third night there, and incontinently 'got up and dusted.' They tied him so tight that it required the assistance of the whole company to extricate him."

Wood's Museum, in Chicago, is pronounced by our correspondent "Claude" to have one of the best companies outside of New York. Among the male performers are Bradley, Aikin, A'Becket, Dillon, etc., and among the ladies are the names of Perrin, Stoneall, Bernard, and Jenny Hight. They are playing old comedies, "relieved" occasionally with the "Ticket of Leave Man."

McVicker, of the Chicago Theatre, commences his new season on the 23d of May, with the following excellent company:—Messrs. J. E. Nagle, F. F. Mackay, J. Ferris, Allen Halford, S. B. Villa, J. Biddles, C. T. Murphy, W. V. Breyer, J. A. Bunn, G. Frierle, O. F. Savage, W. Young, T. B. Uhl, F. Bock, D. Holmes, S. Myers, J. H. McVicker, the Misses Rachel Johnson, Fanny Marsh, A. Biddles, S. Biddles, Lizzie Hardy, Aggie Hardy, Lizzie Warren, Fanny Williams, Jennie Mayers, Mary Alcutt, Mesdames J. Biddles, Mary Myers, Anna Marble, I. B. Phillips, E. W. Young; C. H. Bach, director of orchestra; scene effects by J. W. Whytal; mechanism by D. Pratt; appointments by A. Snell; costumes by Mrs. Cox; managers, J. H. McVicker and S. Myers; treasurer, H. Warren. In addition to the above, a brief engagement has been effected with Miss Laura Keene, and Messrs. Levick, Peters, and Dyott, who will appear in a series of comedies introduced with a cast never equalled in that city. During Miss Keene's engagement will be produced the great drama of the "Sea of Ice," in the same style of splendor as presented at Laura Keene's Theatre in New York.

Mrs. M. C. Gladstane is at the Academy of Music, Albany, this week.

Miss Alice Kingsbury terminated the third week of her stay in Columbus, O., on the 21st inst. She played "Fanchon" for her benefit on the 20th.

Manager Ellsler produces the "Ticket of Leave Man" this week at the Columbus, O., Theatre.

Ettie Henderson continues at the Pittsburgh Theatre, playing to very fair business......The farce of "Seeing Wilkinson" is a favorite afterpiece, with C. Wilkinson as Jack Downy.

Since the Close of the Operatic Term, and the *resume* of the dramatic season, in Cincinnati, the prosperous tide which had flowed so steadily into the coffers of Pike's Opera House has begun to ebb, and for the past two weeks Mr. and Miss Couldock have been playing to a "beggarly account of empty benches." Our correspondent "Impromptu," of date May 20, says:—"Perhaps the falling off may be attributed to the lack of stimulant in the quiet, natural domestic dramas which for the most part constitute their *repertoire*; people in these exciting days of battle and blood requiring something more exciting to satisfy their appetite; but certain it is that the clustering affections of the 'Chimney Corner'—the rural attraction of the 'Willow Copse'—and even the cosy little 'Dot,' have ceased to attract the mass of the theatrical community......Mr. Lawrence P. Barrett will commence on Monday with 'Rosedale.' The double novelty of a new actor and a new piece may perhaps revive the drooping fortune of the lyric temple......The Laura Keene 'Combination Troupe' has met with better success at Wood's, the houses during the engagement having proved uniformly good. This is Laura's third term in this city during the season, and in all probability it will be her last, for in these days of inflated hotel charges, travelling with half a dozen high salaried performers 'won't pay, sir; it won't pay.'......Bandmann is the star next week......Sinn is sailing with a stiff breeze and a fair wind, crowded audiences having been the rule without an exception since he became the pilot of the old National...... The Palace Garden was doing well, but, as you are doubtless aware, it came to a fiery conclusion a few days ago, the work of an incendiary. An itinerant canvas now occupies the site."

At the Arch, Philadelphia, a new Irish drama, written for Frank Drew by Samuel Lover, entitled "Mac Carthy Moore, or Possession Nine Points of the Law," was played throughout the week. The burlesque of "Ill Treated Trovatore" was given for Frank's benefit on the 20th. This week Frank appears as Bagshot in "A Bull in a China Shop."

At the Chesnut, Philadelphia, the comedy of "Leap Year" was played two nights last week. "Fraud and its Victims" was presented on the 19th, and the piece was tolerably well performed. Misses J. Parker, Annie Ward, and Messrs. W. A. Donaldson and Walter Lennox deserve especial praise......On the 20th, J. K. Mortimer, who was announced on the bills for Alfred Seaborn, did not make his appearance. At it again, eh? Mr. T. H. Knight sustained the character, and did very well.

Harry Courtaine has returned to San Francisco from British Columbia, and, with Fanny Morgan, was starring it at the Metropolitan.

Mad. Marie Duret, of Jack Sheppard renown, after five years' absence in Australia, made her first appearance since her return to California, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on the 25th of April, in the character of Anne Blake, but business was not good. She succeeded Mr. Blanchard and his dog Carlo.

The 300th Anniversary of Shakespeare was duly observed in San Francisco, at the Opera House. "Macbeth" was "done" for the benefit of the "American Dramatic Fund Association." Frank Mayo murdered Macbeth, and C. R. Thorne, Jr., ditto Macduff.

Miss Lucille Western has been drawing immense audiences at the Walnut, Philadelphia, by her impersonation of "Leah." Mr. Whalley, who is engaged to support her, is charged with "expectorating" on the stage. Don't do it, Whalley, don't do it. Miss W. appears three evenings of the present week, the other nights being devoted to benefits. Mr. E. L. Tilton's ben. came off on the 21st, when Miss Western volunteered her services. Now that was clever in Lucy, wasn't it?

Grover's Washington and Philadelphia Companies, combined, are to perform at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, this week. Well, Mr. Grover ought to combine *something* for his house if he expects to make a go of it. He opened the New Chestnut under pretty fair auspices, but slipped up recently. One theatre is about as much as one man can manage, and do justice to his patrons. The combination will show in a new sensation drama called "Count Monte Leone: or, The Spy in Society."

At Ford's Washington Theatre, the "Naiad Queen" is the attraction this week, with Susan Denin and John H. Foster in the cast.

The German Opera Troupe have possession of Grover's Theatre, Washington, this week.

Mr. Charles Peters, we hear it rumored, will be the low comedian next season at the Boston Museum.

Maggie Mitchell stays another week at the Boston Theatre. During her engagement business has been good.

Joseph Proctor has appeared at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, in the play of "Ambition," meeting with fair success.

John Wilkes Booth still holds forth at the Boston Museum. He remains this week and next week; then benefits follow; after which, the dramatic season closes, and Manager Butler, with his "444" company, takes possession for six weeks.

Mr. J. B. Booth will appear at the Boston Museum next week, in the tragedy of "Ugolino" (written by the late J. B. Booth), on the occasion of J. Wilkes Booth's farewell benefit.

Kate Reignolds takes a benefit at the Museum, Boston, on the 30th inst., making her first appearance in that city as Asmodeus.

Kate Denin opens at the Howard, Boston, on June 21st, and the season ends July 4th. The establishment will then be closed six weeks for repairs.

The Late French Performances at the Tremont, Boston, proved very successful to the management.

Mr. Jarrett commences his season at the Boston Theatre August 29th. He has secured the services of Mr. Benjamin G. Rogers for first old man, and Miss Rachael Noah, from Louisville, for *soubrette*.

Mr. Lanergan commences his season at St. John, N. B., June 6th.

The Tacon Troupe open at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on the 30th inst.

Captain W. E. Sheridan, of the Signal Corps (formerly of the Howard Athenæum, Boston), was wounded at Dalton, Geo.

A Correspondent informs us that at the request of citizens of the state capital (Frankfort, Ky.), Messrs. Weaver and Golden, with their company from the Apollo Theatre, Lexington, opened at Metropolitan Hall on Monday, May 9th, Bella Golden and Mr. B. Macauley being the "stars," drawing large and fashionable audiences. Bella Golden's acting has won for her a host of friends. She takes the heart by surprise, and gaiety, sentiment, tenderness, grief, and love are portrayed with truthfulness and beauty. She "thrills the heart, yet quenches not." Mr. Macauley is a most excellent artist, and it is a genuine pleasure to see him in any of his various *roles*. They open in Lexington on the 23d inst.

Theatrical Wigs of every description may be procured at Paul De Spotte's establishment, No. 15 West Houston street. See card elsewhere.

A Friend, who is pretty well posted, thinks if some manager could be induced to erect a new theatre in Portland, Me., he would be amply rewarded for the outlay. It is pronounced an excellent show town, and its inhabitants quite liberal.

Negro Minstrelsy.

Stanley and Mason's Minstrels were performing at Montreal, C. E., last week. Ned Stanley and Harvey Paul are on the ends.

Sam Sharpley's Iron Clads have again run into the Canadas, and Samuel is determined to bring away with him a large quantity of silver and gold, as he always does in that part of the country. On the 24th they appear at Toronto, and remain two nights; thence to Hamilton, London, and Brantford, and open in Buffalo, N. Y., May 30th, for six nights.

Johnny Matthews has resigned his situation in one of the wholesale iron houses in Pittsburgh, and intends going into the minstrel business. Johnny is said to be a good end man.

Harris & Clifton's Minstrel Troupe will remain at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., this week, and next week make their way to Wheeling, Va. Their entertainments, we are informed, give much satisfaction.

Frank Moran, a very clever comedian, resigns his position with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, and joins Woods company, in New York, on the 25th inst.

Forrest's Minstrels performed in Hartford, Conn., on the 19th inst., and a correspondent in that place assures us that their receipts on the occasion amounted to $300. Turner and Sharpley, the funny men of the troupe, are mentioned as being quite lively, and keeping the audience in continual good humor. They repeated the entertainment on the 20th.

Bert, of the New Idea, San Francisco, says that he has secured M. Ainsley Scott, the baritone, who was expected to arrive there in about a month. He is also said to be in communication with George N. Christy, Add Weaver, and A. J. Talbot. Bert is an enterprising Manager, well backed with plenty of Oro, and report says that he is interested in some very rich silver mines.

Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, has been doing a very good business for the last three months with F. Myers, F. Diamond, William J. Mortimer, Prof. Asche, and others.

The minstrel boys sometimes meet with sad incidents in their travels. A short time since Murphy & Bray's Minstrels, of California, were on their way to Stockton, on board the Cornelia. Messrs. Murphy & Bray, late in the evening, went out on the upper deck forward of the saloon, to have a rehearsal of that very laughable lager beer opera of "Johnny Smoker." Dark was the night, and no passengers were on deck but a man and his wife, the man sitting on a chair and the wife sitting on the end of a box which our minstrels mistook for a trunk. Murphy sat down on the other end of the box, and Bray brought a chair from the saloon, and they commenced their rehearsal. When fairly under way, our minstrels were interrupted with their programme, on being informed by the man that the box on which one of them sat contained the corpse of his son. The minstrels begged a thousand pardons for unintentionally wounding the feelings of the bereaved parents, and beat a hasty retreat for their berths.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels have had a most prosperous career during their winter and spring seasons, and in the hundreds of places in which they have performed, have been greeted almost invariably by large and enthusiastic audiences. Better proof than this of the popularity of any troupe could not be wished by any manager, and must indeed be highly gratifying to the indefatigable Duprez. Their admission tariff, as previously stated, has been increased to fifty cents, but the advance does not appear to affect the attendance, although it makes a material difference to the receipts; and, therefore to the profits. Since our last notice of this troupe they have visited Jackson, Ann Harbor, Kalamazoo and Niles, Mich., at which latter place their performance was listened to and lauded by the Peak Family, except Mr. Peak, who has been laid up sick at his homestead at Niles for some weeks past. An invitation to visit Mr. Peak and family at their residence, the company were compelled to forego on account of having to leave early on the morning of the 12th inst, by stage. On the 16th and 17th they appeared at La Porte, and on the 18th at Bryan Hall, Chicago, for four nights, where the receipts of greenbacks were large, and the hall well filled on each occasion.

Sam Sharpley's Iron Clads opened in Rochester on the 17th and 18th inst.; though advertising in but one of the three leading daily papers of that city, he was greeted by two of the best houses that ever sat in Corinthian Hall. Sam has wooed himself into the affections of the western New Yorkers, and he may be assured of the same rush whenever he turns up in that section with his "iron clads." Sam's route from Rochester was as follows:—Albion 19th, Lockport 20th, Suspension Bridge 21st, St. Catharines, C. W., 23d, Toronto 24th and 25th, Hamilton 26th, London 27th, Brantford 28th, commencing at Buffalo 30th, for four days; at Cleveland 5th June, four days, and from thence to Toledo and Sandusky.

Brooklyn is a smart chance of a place, as the Yankees say, and it turns out some right smart people sometimes; but it's last production, the man that got up that bogus proclamation, is about as lively a specimen of its financial people as can well be scared up. Now, had "Howard" taken pattern by the honest enterprise of Mr. Hooley, and started a band of minstrels, he might have made a fortune in time, and no danger of Fort Lafayette; instead of that, however, he risks a big lick on the Wall street plan, gets nabbed for his pains, and society loses what might have been one of its bright ornaments. Well, well; Hooley's Minstrels will endeavor to cheer the hearts of the Brooklyn people who have been made sad by the "proclamation," and will show how the Davenport Brothers undo themselves; how the consumptive Camille shuffles off her mortal coil; how to do the Mississippi Fling, and perform a number of other laughter-provoking acts which have given Hooley's band such a reputation. There are two men in Brooklyn who attract full houses—one is brother Beecher, and the other, brother Hooley. They are both clever men and deserve all the patronage they meet with.

Geo. Germaine, ballad singer, has taken the place of Geo. Gray, with Harris and Clifton's Minstrels, and commences operations with the troupe this week in Baltimore. Other changes have been made in the troupe. D. Bolas, basso, is engaged in place of J. Norrie, and J. Clark and another in place of D. Black and Dick McGowan.

Newcomb was in Cincinnati a few days since, and arranged with Mr. Pike to open the Opera House during the vacation.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels are to be in Milwaukee this week.

Sharpley's troupe open in Chicago on the 6th of June.

Forrest's Minstrels and Brass Band were at Waterbury, Conn., on the 12th; Bridgeport the 18th; and Hartford on the 19th and 20th. Their business during the past week has been excellent, and in Hartford on the first night they were compelled to turn many away unable to gain admittance. A correspondent says:—"Talk about big advertising; you ought to have seen this city after it had been laid out by Mr. Forrest; it was completely papered from one end to the other. On Asylum street he erected one of the most magnificent bill boards ever seen in this city. And what was the consequence of this? He took during both evenings, $511. On Friday, the brass band belonging to the troupe furnished the music for the great trot which came off on that day. Their route ahead is as follows:—Willimantic 21st; Worcester, Mass, 22d; Providence 23d, for three nights.

S. S. Sandford was tendered a complimentary benefit at his Opera House, Harrisburg, 21st inst. Manager Sanford's season thus far has been a most brilliant one—over one hundred entertainments have been given, and it was in commemoration of this successful season that the benefit was tendered him.

The Buckleys announce the present as the last week of their season in Boston. They then start out on a travelling tour, visiting the principal towns and cities in the New England States as well as through the West. In the interim, their Hall in Boston will undergo many alterations. Benefits will be given nearly every night this week. On Monday, Bishop Buckley comes first, when Fred Buckley will give a violin solo, being the first in six months. On Wednesday Mr. Silas S. Steele, the dramatic author of the establishment, takes a "ben," and on Saturday, the closing night, G. Swayne makes his appeal in the shape of a call for his share of the "postals."

Skiff's Minstrels will be at Providence, R. I., on the 23d and 24th inst.

Rumsey's Minstrels were at Troy last week, closing there on the 19th inst. During their stay, business is reported as having been good.

The Morris Brother's & Co's Opera House, Boston, has been largely attended during the past week, both at their Wednesday and Saturday afternoon matinees, as well as their evening performances. This week a new patriotic song entitled, "On to Richmond" and the exhibition of a splendid equestrian statue of Gen. Grant, are announced as the chief features of the programme; while the famous and elaborately gotten up pantomime of "The House that Jack Built" is continued for one more week. Jackson Haines, the skater, is still there. On the 20th, R. M. Carroll is to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit, which we hope will result in a bigger roll of greenbacks than he can carry. The price of admission to the Morris Brothers is now 30 cents, and 50 cents for reserved seats.

The Original Christy Minstrels, under the management of John W. Raynor, are soon to appear in Eastern and Western cities. Mr. John P. Smith, well known to the profession as "Cully Smith," goes out as business agent. The company is in want of a tenor, alto and baritone singer. See "ad" in another column.

Music Halls.

Kinney's Varieties, Columbus, O., is sailing along in the tide of success. While on its voyage it occasionally heaves to and takes on board a fresh cargo of artists; it then steers away with its living freight on a prosperous cruise. A change was made last week in the engineering department, Phil Diffenbach, the stage manager, having left and joined Lake's Circus, and his "billet" was filled by Joe Wood, a good comic singer. Mrs. Louisa Payne Wray, Lizzie Marshall, and La Belle Violet are the stars at present.

From Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, Mo., we are in receipt of glowing accounts of its prosperity and popularity. On the evening of the 13th, Miss Kate Pennoyer, the pleasing danseuse and actress, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, when the house, says an exchange, "was crowded from parquet to gallery, and the performance gave general satisfaction." The fair Kate appeared as Mathilde and Henri St. Almi, in the "French Spy," and during the piece displayed her terpsichorean abilities by an Arab dance and her sword skill by a combat with Mr. Chapman, delighting the assemblage beyond measure. Miss Celia Morley made her first appearance since her return from Europe on the same evening as Olympia Cigniani in "The Queen of the Abruzzi." They have a very full company at the Varieties, the programmes are varied, well performed, and the audiences as a general thing very well pleased.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, continues to be well patronized. The place is conducted well, and the public appreciate an institution of this kind. Ben Wheeler's benefit came off on the 16th, and was an occasion that Mr. Wheeler may well be proud of, the house being crowded. Among the gentlemen who volunteered were Johnny Mackey, Johnny Loudon, and Ed. Hughes, the "Careless Boy." Ben is a great favorite with the boys, and at their hands will always receive the approbation he so richly merits.

Miss Julia Morgan was looked for in San Francisco at last advices, from New York. She is a clever jig-dancer and versatile performer. Bert, of the New Idea, has engaged her to fill the place made vacant by the departure of Lotta.

Sutliff's Music Hall is still open in Virginia City, but there is some talk of a managerial change. Sherry Corbyn's name is very prominently mentioned in this connection, but we hardly think that he can be induced to leave San Francisco. He now has the management of Hayes' Park, where he has been very successful for the past three months.

The Gayety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y., is, as its name indicates, one of the gayest places in that town to visit for an evening's amusement; and the company there is of that gay kind of talent that will drive dull care away so far that it will take weeks to come back again. As will be seen by an advertisement in another column, the proprietor, Sam Fitzpatrick, has a number of first class performers on his pay-roll, and is looking around for more, including a good lady vocalist, danseuse and jig dancer. Let fair, famous and fascinating females of the "profesh," as well as those of the male gender, make a note of the same.

Canterbury Hall, Harrisburg, under the management of J. H. Donnell, is doing a fine business with Billy Porter, Joe Miller, Hugh O'Donnell, Harry Macon, Kate Archer and Julia Marsh.

W. Bordwell and Anna Bordwell, with their dog Dick, have just closed an engagement with Sam. S. Sanford, in Harrisburg, and go to Columbia and Marietta, Pa., prior to opening at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, Md.

Hitchcock, who opened the National Hall, Harrisburg, on the 9th, under the management of G. L. Hall, has been drawing good houses since the opening.

The Varieties, Columbus, O., is a popular place of resort for the amusement loving denizens of that town, which may be accounted for chiefly by the fact that Manager John M. Kinney continually keeps up a full and talented company. As at present constructed, it includes Miss Louisa Payne Wray, La Belle Violet, La Bella Clark, Miss Louisa Birch, Lizzie Mitchell, Alice Christine, Lizzie Freeberthyser, Joe Woods, Dave Wilson, J. A. Barney, Frank Wilson, Phil. Diefenbach, Nick Emmet and Master Lilly. The company has performed one hundred and thirty-five nights at Columbus, which is said to be the *longest season* ever known there, and may be accepted as an evidence of the estimation in which the Varieties is held by the Columbusians.

M'lle Marietta Ravel, the graceful and intrepid danseuse and tight rope artist, has, we regret to learn, been very sick, so much so, that the lady was unable to appear at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., as announced last week; but, we are informed the patrons of that establishment will have an opportunity of feasting their eyes on her graceful movements this week, commencing on Monday evening, 23rd inst. Judging from the praises bestowed on her out West, we predict a warm reception for her by the Washingtonians.

At the Atheneum Music Hall, Cleveland, O., according to the written evidence of two witnesses, a good business is being done. By a programme before us, we observe that a various and attractive performance is given nightly by a numerous and well selected company; among whom are the Misses Julia Dawron, Louise Bliss, Sarah Duval, Eliza Freeberthyser, M'lle Minnie, La Belle Valarde, T. J. Riley, Hank Goodman, Gus Peters, the Bliss Family, and Master Edward.

M'lle Augusta closed her brilliant engagement at the Chicago Varieties on the 18th inst.......Miss Clara Butler is one of the vocalists engaged at the Varieties, and while singing a national song the other evening, introduced the name of Gen. McClellan in a favorable manner. A few hisses were the result, which were almost as suddenly drowned by a burst of genuine applause. The vocalist, in a few remarks, said "the hisses were no doubt intended for McClellan, but that she would sing his praises as long as she had a drop of blood in her veins." Bully for Clara.

A New Comic Song entitled "Kiss in a Railroad Car," now being sung in London with great success, can be obtained from Mr. W. B. Harrison, comic singer, as per advertisement elsewhere.

Manager Long has a new company at his Varieties, in Philadelphia. In the list of names we find M'lle Lizzie Francis, Miss Kate A. Bell, Miss Lizzie Ellsworth, Mr. M. Dalton, M'lle Annette Fayaux, John Forbes, and old Tom Wilson, who is pronounced one of the most natural representatives of darkey life in the profession.

The Continental, Philadelphia, closed on the 21st for a short season, the managers announce. The closing of this house makes it an open thing for the Casino.

Delehanty and Ward, cloggists, are yet among the features of the Casino, Philadelphia. Tim Hayes publishes a card in our advertising columns, in reply to a challenge for the above dancers.

The Olympic, Philadelphia, opened on the 19th under the management of Jno. Weaver; the following is a partial list of the company engaged—Misses Lettie Chandler, Anna Sinclair, Alice Hills, Geo. Andrews, P. A. Fitzgerald, Geo. W. Harris and Jno. Weaver.

At the Canterbury, Washington, Manager Lea is attracting crowded houses by the excellent manner in which he caters for the public taste. His programme last week was a capital one, replete with a host of attractive novelties and performances. Poole's adaptation of "Cudjo's Cave" was performed; with De Forrest as Pomp, Billy West as Cudjo, Mulligan as Toby, and Jenny Forrest as Virginia Villars. In addition to the drama, the usual olio business was given by the company, among whom was Don Santiago Gibbonnoise, one of the best contortionists and trick-chair performers in the business; also Billy West and John Mulligan, the eccentric negro performers. This week "Cudjo's Cave" will be kept on the bills, and Marietta Ravel, the charming *danseuse* and tight rope performer puts in an appearance.

Circuses.

The little trick dog Billy, one of the best in Canada, died recently in Toronto. He is said to have been a most excellent performer, successfully accomplishing all the most difficult canine feats of the arena.

Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus will commence the travelling season at Albany on the 6th of June.

Slaymaker & Nichols' Circus is billed at New Haven, Conn., for the 24th and 25th.

Rivers & Derious' Circus shows at New Haven, Conn., on the 27th inst.

John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie was at Bucyrus, Ohio, on the 21st. While at West Liberty, Ohio, on the 9th inst., the boys had quite an excitement with John Lewis' Side-show. Lewis has a collection of birds, tigers, leopards, monkeys, etc., and, while cleaning one of the cages, one of the pet tigers got out and made for the crowd, and such a scampering, it is said, was never before seen. The tiger's first act was to seize a horse, which he killed; then he made for the crowd, but Hofflich, the well-known animal-performer, happened to be near, and, after considerable trouble and at the risk of his own life, the animal was safely caged. Hofflich was severely, but not dangerously injured. The Robinson Show has had several additions of late, including lions, kangaroos, etc. P. H. Seaman is principal clown, with Gus Shaw as second. The Show has a minstrel band along. Madame Annette Seaman enters the den of performing animals.

Thayer and Noyes' Circus and Menagerie will exhibit as follows:—Ravenna, O., 23d; Chagrin Falls, 24th; Cleveland, 25th and 26th; Hudson, 27th; Akron, 28th; and Canton, 30th.

The Horse Opera has been flourishing gaily in Cincinnati. Impromptu says—"Melville's Australian Circus came and performed to big audiences ten days and nights. Immediately after, Lake and Norton arrived, and realized an immense business during a week. They have an excellent company, and possess an immense feature in little Alice, who I look upon as the most graceful and dashing *equestrienne* in the country. Lake has an outside attraction that takes the multitude in the shape of an elaborately gilded and carved "Dolphin band chariot," drawn by forty horses. It is proving an immense "drawing" team in the rural districts throughout the State.......Robinson and Howes' Railroad Circus will be here within two weeks, and after them the "Hippo-Zoological" institute of Thayer and Noyes'.

Van Amburgh & Co's Menagerie exhibits in New Bedford the 23d, Wareham 24th, Plymouth 25th, South Bridgewater 26th, East Abingdon 27th, and Foxboro 28th inst. At Providence the big six centre pole canvas would not hold the people, and when *that* tent overflows, it may be considered that there is a right smart gathering of folks about. The giraffe and all the animals are doing finely, notwithstanding that there has been a good deal of bad weather.

Wheeler, Hatch, and Hitchcock's Circus was in Lowell, Mass., on the 20th, Nashua 21st, and Manchester 23d. Their route ahead is as follows:—Concord, N. H. 24th, Pittsfield 25th, Dover 26th, Portsmouth 27th, and Portland 28th and 30th. A correspondent informs us that with the exception of the "clowning" the show is a very good one, but an otherwise good show with a bad clown, kills everything in a circus company.

Maurice Sands, equestrian, arrived in New York on the 22nd, from Port au Prince.

Brien and King pitched tent in Pittsburgh on the 19th, remaining through the week..........Gardner and Hemmings' Circus follows, this week.

Miscellaneous.

Max Maretzek had a light house at his operatic concert in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 19th inst. Sig. Lotti, tenor, was indisposed, and made but a single appearance. Miss Laura Harris is thought to possess a voice equal to Madame Varian. Mr. Alfred H. Pease, pianist, is spoken of highly by the Rochester press. The troupe were at Buffalo on the 21st.

The Original Hutchinson Family were in Elmira, N. Y., on the 20th.

Kate Dean, the Army Prima Donna, who has for some time past sung in the Army of the Potomac, is now concertizing in the western section of the state. She was billed for Rochester on the 25th, Buffalo 26th, Dunkirk 27th, Erie 28th, Cleveland 30th, Sandusky 31st, Toledo 1st June. Rosebrook is acting as her agent.

A Stereopticon, with one hundred and thirty superior views, staging, canvas, and all the necessary apparatus and accoutrements for travelling, is advertised for sale in this issue of the Clipper for considerably less than cost.

Doesticks' lecture on "Cheek" did not please the Rochester public on the 10th inst. They seemed to think that he must have had a deal of "cheek" to charge 25 cents a head for a such a lecture.

Gottschalk and Patti were greeted with full houses in Buffalo and Rochester.

The Carter Zouave Troupe was in the small towns of New Hampshire last week. On the 19th they were at Keene, and did a fine business; from thence they went to Brattleboro, Vt., for one night.

La Rue's War Show opens in New Haven, Conn., the 23rd inst.

The Tacon Troupe, from the Continental, Philadelphia, and under the pilotage of Uncle Jim Pilgrim, were at New Haven, Conn., on the 18th, and went thence to Worcester, Mass., the balance of the week.

A. P. Ball's Colosseum Show, consisting of gymnastic, acrobatic and dramatic performers, is travelling through this State, giving performances under canvas. The show is advertised ahead as follows: Lowville 24th, Carthage 25th, and Watertown 26th.

Amateur.

The Elmira (N. Y.) Dramatic Association was to give an entertainment at Ely Hall in that city on the 24th inst., under the management of Mr. Wm. C. Potter. "Bombastes Furioso" and "A Pretty Piece of Business" were the pieces to be performed. The leading parts were assigned to Messrs. W. C. Potter, S. Conkey and B. H. Pratt, Mrs. H. Howe (who gained so much praise during former entertainments of the Association), Mrs. S. Conkey, and a lady from Brooklyn. The entertainment is for the benefit of the Ladies Hospital Aid Society.

The St. Lawrence Dramatic Club, of Montreal, C. E., gave an entertainment at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 16th inst.

The Excelsior Dramatic Club gave a dramatic and musical entertainment at the Assembly Rooms, New Brighton, S. I., on the 16th inst., when "Faint heart never won fair lady" and "The Swiss Cottage, or Why don't she marry," was performed. Mrs. Milner and Mr. Lambert sang; Mr. Zirtwistle played a pianoforte solo, and Mr. Webster, a returned soldier, a concertina solo. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Webster, "two gentlemen of color," enacted a comic scene, entitled "The Two Dromios." Mrs. Milner and Messrs. Fulton and Webster were especially praiseworthy.

The first of a series of amateur dramatic performances, for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, takes place at the Opera House, Buffalo, on the 24th inst. The entertainment will consist of the comedy of "Everybody's Friend," the singing of the romance of the "Mistletoe Bough," and the pantomime of "The Mistletoe Bough." All the characters are to be represented by ladies and gentlemen of that city.

The officers of the Garrison at Halifax gave an amateur performance at the Theatre Royal in that city on the 19th inst.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

Adelina Patti is still in Paris, serenely defiant of all rivalry or competition. She is now by general assent the *prima donna assoluta* of Europe. She has lately achieved another triumph at Paris, in "Faust," singing and acting the part superior to any one else that has sung or acted it in that city, according to the judgment of the best critics. It is stated in a Paris journal that Patti has recently come of age, and that her first act was to settle an annuity on her parents.

"Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," by Nicolai, has been produced in an Italian version, at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, under the name of "Falstaff." Mons. Junca, well known in this city, and the great favorite here, Gassier, were in the cast for Giovanni and Master Page.

Died, at Glasgow, on the 26th of March, after a long illness, Mr. James Sadler Woodyer, the well-known property master for the principal London and Provincial theatres, at the age of sixty-four.

Hengler's Cirque, which had been almost completed by Mr. Charles Hengler, in Victoria street, Belfast, Ireland, was totally destroyed by fire May 4th. Smoke was first discovered issuing from the stables on the left side of the building at a little past nine o'clock, and in a few minutes after, the entire structure was enveloped in one mass of flame. In about half an hour the artistic workmanship of months was a heap of worthless ruin. A very valuable pony, yclept Buckie, was burned to death. Other animals had hairbreadth escapes from destruction. Many of the *artistes* engaged had dresses and other properties stored in the Circus, most of which were destroyed. Nothing is at present known of the origin of the fire, though it is alleged that the accident happened while workmen were engaged in fitting up gas. It is stated that the contractor for the building had given it over to Mr. Hengler for a certain time, and that in that case the latter gentleman will be at considerable loss. The Circus was to have been inaugurated on Saturday, May 7th.

Giacomo Meyerbeer, the eminent composer, is no more. He departed this life May 2d, at Paris. The illustrious master succumbed to a malady of the intestines, the first symptoms of which did not give rise to anticipations of a fatal result. Only a week previous, he was in sufficiently good health to make arrangements for a journey which he proposed to undertake. During nearly the whole period of his illness he preserved consciousness, but towards the end he became very weak, though free from pain. His passage from life to death was an easy transition. In pursuance of the detailed instructions left by him as to the arrangements to be made for his funeral, the body remained exposed three days in Paris, and was then conveyed to Berlin, his native city, by a route which he had prescribed. His daughters arrived from Baden in time to receive his last sigh. Giacomo Meyer-Liebman Beer—to give him his correct appellations—was of Hebrew descent, being the son of a wealthy banker of Berlin, in which city the great musician now lost to us was born on the 5th of September, 1794. Giacomo's gifts were precociously developed, his mastery over the pianoforte at the age of seven years being such as to qualify him for playing at concerts. By the time of his reaching the age of ten years, he had begun, though without theoretical knowledge of harmony, to engage in the labor of composition. His instincts led him onward, perhaps too rapidly, in the production of numerous songs and pianoforte pieces, which astonished his friends by their characteristic originality. He was placed under the guidance of a master named Weber, who held some repute for his powers and method of imparting instruction, and who was himself a pupil of the famed Abbe Vogler, the great musical instructor of his day. But it would seem that Weber exercised but little discretion in the task committed to him, and that he needlessly stimulated the ardent and aspiring genius of the young scholar. Thus Giacomo was led to produce, in rapid and abundant succession, elaborate exercises in the most abstruse branches of counterpoint, without being able to discern and correct their faults. Such ability does not even seem to have been possessed by his master, who, vain of the progress made by so young a pupil, sent one of Meyerbeer's attempts at fugue-writing to the great and learned Vogler, as a wonderful proof of attainments. The old abbe returned the MSS., drily pointing out that it was a mere string of errors. This incident determined the young student to put himself under the direct tuition of Volger; and with the concurrence and aid of his family, he set off for Darmstadt, where the great master had founded his school and gathered round him many promising spirits. Meyerbeer was then fifteen, and he encountered among his fellow-pupils another Weber, the destined author of the "Freischutz," of "Euryanthe," and of "Oberon." A warm friendship sprang up between the youths, and only terminated with Weber's life. Under the direction of the Abbe Vogler, the youthful Meyerbeer pursued with confidence the knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, and in the course of his studies he composed a great quantity of learned and elaborate sacred music, in the severe scholastic style of his master. As might have been expected, the efforts of Meyerbeer were for some time tinged with the scholasticism of his training. His first dramatic piece, performed at Munich, was entitled "Jeptha's Daughter;" and, though written for the stage, it was much more of an oratorio than an opera, not only from its sacred subject, but from its style, which, having been acquired under so learned a preceptor, was full of contrapuntal skill, and showed but small attention to the attractions of melody. The Bavarian public very naturally treated it with indifference. A little cooled in his ardor by the judgment of the many, Meyerbeer recommenced his laborious application to the practice of the pianoforte, that being the special branch of his art in which he had already won an earnest of success. Had he persevered, there is no doubt that he would have borne out the opinion formed of him by Moscheles, who was himself at that time a rising young pianist, and who predicted that Meyerbeer might become the greatest performer of his age. But, happily, the bent of his genius drew him back to the path of dramatic composition—a path he has ever since steadily pursued. He was engaged to write an opera for the Court theatre, and he composed "Alcimelek; or, the Two Caliphs;" but the tuition of the Abbe Volger stuck by him with all its pedantic stiffness, and the Austrian public, already familiar with the music of the Italian school, did not relish the dry learning of his manner. Meyerbeer's next resolution was soon formed. On the excellent basis he had already laid by his studies under the Abbe Volger, he sought inspiration of melody at its fountain head, Italy. At Venice he heard Rossini's first great opera, "Tancredi," with which all Europe was then ringing. He was charmed with the flowing grace of the music, with its freedom from the cumbrous fetters of the schools; but he was too wise to throw away, even had that been possible, the fruits of his Teutonic studies. In short, he did what Mozart had done before him—he resolved to make Italian melody the prominent features of his music, strengthening and coloring the outline with all the force of harmonious combinations. Under this resolve, he wrote his first great opera, "Crociato in Egitto," which established his fame. He, however, remained inactive, or seemingly so, for several years afterwards. His marriage in 1827, and the state of melancholy induced by the deaths of his two infant children, suspended his musical labors. It was not till the year 1831 that his next great work, "Robert le Diable," made its appearance. With M. Scribe for a collaborateur, Meyerbeer, who had taken up his residence in Paris, followed up the "Robert" with that illustrious string of operas which comprised the "Huguenots," the "Prophete," the "Etoile du Nord," and "Dinorah." In 1862, the year of the Great International Exhibition, Meyerbeer visited London to superintend the rehearsals of the "March" composed by him specially for that occasion. Meyerbeer dies at the age of seventy, and therefore not prematurely. But his death, at a time when his powers had shown no symptom of decay, even though his years had fulfilled their allotted span, must be lamented. He had himself hoped to witness the performance of his latest opera, "L'Africaine," which has been deferred, after being again and again "underlined" for representation; the cause of delay being the want of a soprano who should be capable of realising Meyerbeer's "idea of a second Cruvelli." Meyerbeer had of late years divided his residence between Paris and Berlin. In the last-named city he held the appointment of musical director to the King of Prussia.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor..............................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 1864.
First night in three years of the grand legendary drama of
HERNE, THE HUNTER.
New Scenery, Machinery and Appointments.
Last week of the celebrated melo-dramatic actress
MISS KATE VANCE,
who will appear for the first time as HERNE, THE HUNTER.
The trained horse Don Juan as the Demon Steed.
The popular young actor,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE,
as the Sailor in the drama of
JACK'S THE LAD.
MRS. W. G. JONES,
MISS KATE NEWTON, GEO. BROOKES,
MISS HATHAWAY, MR. MARDEN, MR. G. LINGARD,
With a
FROLIC OF THE FAIRIES.
Tuesday evening, complimentary benefit of
MR. N. B. CLARKE.
Friday evening, farewell benefit of
MISS KATE VANCE.

"THE FEMALE JACK SHEPPARD," A New and

Thrilling Sensation Drama, by
MRS. C. K. FOX, THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST,
authoress of "The Ticket of Leave Woman," "Jack Sheppard and His Dog," "Ghost of Altenburg," "Rag Woman and Her Dogs," etc., etc. Managers wishing to produce the above will address C. K. FOX, Old Bowery Theatre. 7-1t*

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MONDAY AND TUESDAY, May 23d and 24th,
The popular Drama by De Walden, entitled
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Act 1—GUILT.
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First night of a new and original comedy, now playing in London at the Princess' Theatre with extraordinary success, written by Watts Phillips, Esq., in 3 acts and entitled
PAUL'S RETURN,
which will be produced
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for the first time in this country, with a powerful cast, including
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who will make his first appearance at this theatre as
PAUL GOLDSWORTHY.
After which
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Doors open at 7¼, performances commence at 7¾.
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THIS MONDAY EVENING, May 23, 1864,
SECOND WEEK
and positive success of John Brougham's Grand Drama, in Five Tableaux, entitled
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A LOVE STORY,
in which the celebrated Lyric Artiste,
M'LLE. VESTVALI,
has achieved a decided triumph in her remarkable personation of
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with the songs, "You are the Star" (words by S. R. Fiske Esq.). and "Bravo Marco,"
This magnificent Romantic Drama, after many
MONTHS OF PREPARATION
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MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS,
With entirely new scenery and original music, and a grand ballet of sixteen coryphees, in addition to an auxiliary aid numbering
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THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
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BEYOND THAT ACHIEVED BY ANY ILLUSIONIST
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THE SALLE DIABOLIQUE
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NIGHTLY THRONGED WITH THE ELITE OF THE CITY.
In defference to the expressed wishes of the public,
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ONE WEEK MORE.
Retaining all the special feats which have made the entertainment at this bijou theatre the most attractive of their kind; combining as they do
MAGIC'S MOST ILLUSORY DEEDS,
MUSIC'S MOST ENTRANCING CHARMS,
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A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.---In last week's

Clipper there appeared an abusive card signed by Geo. Lea in answer to a challenge from me in behalf of Dick Sands and myself, in which I offered to dance against any man in the world for one thousand dollars. Mr. Lea accepted the challenge, *giving me until the 16th day of this May*, to put up the money. At the time his card appeared I was traveling with my company in the interior of Indiana, and was unable to obtain a Clipper until I arrived in La Fayette, *which was on the 16th of May*—the day on which Mr. Lea's terms expired. I could not, of course, be expected to be on hand with so short notice. Mr. Lea proposed in a previous challenge to extend the time three months, and when, in a spirit of commendable bravery, he resolved to accept my challenge, he narrowed the time down so that he must have known I could not possibly comply.

I think it was very unfair in Lea, not to say ungentlemanly, to take advantage of me in the public manner in which he did, when I was so situated that I could not defend myself. He indulges profusely in the use of insulting terms in regard to my nationality, and speaks of "Yorkshire Irish," "Doran's Asses," etc. In regard to my being an agent for Mr. Sands, I never proposed to act in that capacity. I know him to be a gentleman and an *artiste*, and I know that he had more claim to the title of "champion" than any over-puffed, low-salaried, cornsalved warblers that Mr. Lea has, or can designate within his control.

The great Geo. Lea, the stupendous and magnificent Geo. Lea, is a man who (if I am rightly informed) has been well known for the last fifteen or twenty years as an exhibitor of peculiar curiosities in various places.

Mr. Lea is so situated (thanks to his success in his peculiar exhibitions) that he feels at liberty to abuse any performer who dare assert his rights as a meritorious *artiste*. I hope if the great I AM, the giant and Hercules of certain performances, means business, he will answer my challenge in a respectful manner, if he is capable of doing so. I wish to avoid, as far as I can, coming in contact with any person who is incapable of using the language of a gentleman. As for the two incipient, "three months" performers, whom he chooses to designate "the Champion Clog Dancers of America," I will say that neither myself nor Mr. Sands will recognize any light weight serenaders that were never heard of outside of Lea's advertisement. I hope that my professional acquaintances will peruse the cards from Lea and myself, particularly that part of his which is personal and abusive, and I hope that he will receive all the credit to which he is entitled.

All future cards from Geo. Lea appertaining to me will be treated with magnanimous contempt by the public's most obedient servant, 7-1t* Tim Hayes.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Lucille and Helen Western,

Kate Bateman, citizens' dress and character, Laura Keene, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. John Wood, citizens' dress and character, Vestvali, Ione Burke, Madeline Henriques, Mrs. Hoey, Kate and Susan Denin, Caroline Richings, Kate Fisher, Leo. Hudson, Adah Menken, Ada and Emma Webb, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Matilda Heron, Forrest, Booth, J. W. Booth, Neil and Dan Bryant, Geo. Christy, Eph Horn, Frank Brower, Charley White, Tony Pastor, and hundreds of others.
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Song, with Music, entitled "KISS IN A RAILROAD CAR," now singing with great applause in England, can be had by forwarding One Dollar to W. B. H., Clipper office, New York. 7-1t*

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Pedestrianism.

Foot Race.—A match to run 100 yards, for $500 a side, came off over the Suffolk track, Philadelphia, on Thursday, 19th inst., the contestants being John Thomas, of Newark, N. J., and the "Mill Boy," of Paterson. Thomas proved the winner, beating his opponent nine feet. The track was heavy on account of the late rains, and there was mud in abundance, but Thomas is said to have run the distance in 11 seconds.

Challenge.—I will match John Thomas to run 100 yards with any man in this country, for $1000 a side, flying start. Any person disposed to accept, must apply inside of a month to
Wm. Pew, Lafayette House, Trenton, N. J.

Three Mile Foot Race on the Tapis.—Joe Murch, of Boston, and Tom Smith, of Leeds, England, made a match and posted $25 a side on the 13th inst., at Murch's Hotel, Cross street, Boston, to run a three mile race for $500 on the 17th of June. Both men are in strict training, and a good race is anticipated.

Successful Performance of the 100 Hour Feat.—James Lambert, a noted ped, finished performing his task of walking one hundred hours without sleep or rest, a correspondent informs us, at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 12th inst. The men appointed to watch him by day and by night are satisfied that he has accomplished this laborious task to the satisfaction of all. From the time that Lambert first mounted the plank, both night and day, the hall was crowded. The exhibition closed with pugilistic displays by all the professional sparrers of the smoky city.

The Right Pitch.—Two sports at Rochester *pitched* into each other on the subject of their capabilities in the art of *pitching pennies*, one day last week. The conversation *waxed* to such a *pitch* that one offered to *pitch* the other for $50 a side, which was accepted, the contestants to make their target a pint cup, at a distance of ten feet. The match came off, resulting in the defeat of Sam D. by Charley P. Out of 12 pitches made by Sam, but one went in the cup, while Charley's first three "pinted" for the tin and "struck within." Another match is talked of, and if they talk it up to the proper "pitch," I will post you. So says our correspondent "Item Miser."

Challenge to Shoot Pigeons.—Mr. Fred. Erb, of La Fayette, Ind., will shoot with Mr. King, of New York, for five hundred dollars, ($500), (20) twenty double birds, (21) twenty-one yards rise, (½) one-half an ounce of shot, (150) one hundred and fifty yards boundary. The expenses of Mr. King will be paid, if he will come to La Fayette, or Mr. Erb will go to New York upon the same conditions. [For this challenge, our correspondent "Critique" informs us, M. P. Duplaux, of La Fayette, is responsible.—Ed. Clip.

Mrs. Charles Phillips has opened a saloon and restaurant at No. 82 Washington Avenue, Albany. It is called the Senate, being the name of the hotel formerly kept by her late husband.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Two Thousand Guineas Race.—In the first Newmarket Spring meeting, the above race is considered one of the most important, and in it, as we stated in a recent issue of the Clipper Mr. Ten Broeck, the American Turf representative, had entered his famous horse Paris, which, by many, was set down to be the winner. It appears, however, that he was not, Lord Glasgow's General Peel being the lucky animal; Paris, ridden by Fordham, second; and W. Day's Historian third, a neck only intervening between the three at the finish. The One Thousand Guinea Race, run at the same meeting, was won by Baron Rothschild's Tomato.

The Cricket Season in England had fairly commenced at last advices, and some good matches were anticipated. The new all England eleven started the ball in Dublin.

THEY ALL WILL DO SO.

A young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer, had the misfortune to become deeply enamored of a young lady, and after a brief courtship, proposed and was accepted; but what was his surprise one evening, when about entering the parlor with the unceremonious freedom of a young lover, at discovering his inamorata upon the sofa, her arms around the neck of a neighboring youth, her lips in such blissful proximity to his, as to convince our hero that matters were fearfully in earnest. In rage and mortification he rushed homeward, arriving just in time to surprise his only sister, the pious wife of the village minister, "squeezing to kill" a young disciple of Blackstone. Nearly frantic at such unlooked for disclosures among people he had believed but little lower than the angels, he made a bold dash for the barn, running directly upon his mother kissing the old family physician who had "stolen a march" upon her as she was looking after the poultry. This was too much, and with a groan the young man turned away, undiscovered, resolved to pass the night with his grief beneath the stars, fearful of further revelations should he venture beneath the shelter of another roof. The light of morning encouraged him, however, and dew-drenched and sorrowful he sought his home, when his mother, with true maternal solicitude, questioned him as to the cause of his sad looks: whereupon he related briefly the inconstancy of his fair betrothed, receiving in reply the gratifying intelligence that she was a good-for-nothing, miserable hussy, and he must never speak to or notice again, one so wholly unworthy.

"But, mother," he continued, falteringly, "that is not all."

"Not all? What can there be more?" was the next question.

"Why, when I hastened home, what should I find but my sister, my godly sister, in the arms of a rascally young lawyer."

"Your sister?" shrieked the outraged mother, "my child! The ungrateful, wicked creature! Is it for this I have given her a home and cared for her husband and children? I will do it no longer; such conduct is infamous—and to be so disgraced! She shall leave to-day and never enter my presence again."

"But this is not the *worst*, mother."

"Not the worst! I can imagine nothing worse; what can it be?"

"When sick and discouraged by such repeated exhibitions of sin, I left the house, determined to pass the night in the barn; I there found my mother kissing old Dr. F."

"You did?"

"I did."

"Well, never mind, my son, they all will do so."

A Soldier's Kiss.—The soldier threw his arms around the lady and gave her a soldier's kiss.

I listened for the report; but no, the lips refused to part. Seconds appeared hours. The eye would turn from the scene and then back again expecting to find the looked for finale. No, no! There they stood clinging like drowning ones, mutually drinking their cup of silence in bitterness.

Their arms relaxed, their lips separated, but still they stood; she looking into his large brown eyes, and he in turn would fathom her soul through its tearful windows.

They heeded not the crowd around them. They were emphatically alone. Again the strong arm pressed her to his swelling heart, and then another of those long, long, soldier kisses which stop only to get a deeper inspiration.

The car bell summoned him to the train and the battle field, and her to a widow's home.

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars, see bills of the day.
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The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—
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Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
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J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
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TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
Defying and far excelling all competition, not even excepting soft IRON CLAD MINSTRELSY.
THE WORLD OUTDONE
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The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.
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Led by Alphonse Bergeron, the Royal Cornettist of Canada, pronounced to be the most extensive and finest Band traveling.
The whole of the above combination of talent appear in an original and
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The largest Halls in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear this unapproachable organization.
THE GIGANTIC POSTER
used for advertising by this Company is the most magnificent and gorgeous piece of design and artistic work ever seen. It is fourteen feet high and twenty-five feet long, worked in fine colors, being the most costly (and nineteen sheets larger than any) bill ever before printed in the world, and which cost nearly two thousand dollars. The first two of these Posters were put up in New York, in the Central Park, for the public to gaze on and feast in Printers' Ink to their heart's content. It covers nearly four hundred square feet surface. Large Mammoth Boards are erected at great expense in every city to put up this ornament, and every body is amazed, and look upon it with perfect astonishment as such an enormous enterprise.
The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, just before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
T. C. GREEN, } Agents.
SAM POND, }
7

ELLINGER & FOOTE'S

GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION and
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
ATTRACTIONS EXTRAORDINARY! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence.
COM. FOOTE,
The Smallest Man in the World, 22 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 23 lbs.
His Sister MISS ELIZA NESTEL, (the Fairy Queen,) 17 years old, 17 inches high, and weighs 14½ lbs., and
COL. SMALL,
17 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 25 lbs.
Assisting these Wonderful Little People are the old, Original, and only
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
W. D. FRANKLIN and J. W. SMITH,
Miss M. C. ELLINGER, the celebrated vocalist and Pianist, and Prof. G. H. BROOKS, the eminent Pianist and Vocalist.
The Company are now on an extensive Western Tour, previous to their departure for Europe.
For full particulars, see Programme of the day.
48-3m-4t* C. G. RUSSELL, Business Agent.

INTERESTING TO MANAGERS and Agents of

TRAVELLING SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS, MINSTRELS, &c., &c.

THE ROCHESTER DAILY EVENING EXPRESS is the favorite journal among the amusement loving public of Rochester and vicinity.

Connected with the paper is an extensive JOB PRINTING establishment, and Showmen are furnished with Posters, Programmes, Show Cards, Tickets, &c., at reasonable rates.

Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

ATHENEUM

MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER............Proprietor and Manager
D. T. CORRIE......................Stage Manager
The finest place of amusement in America.
Ladies and gentlemen of reputation and ability always wanted.
Address as above. 51-3m*

THE THEATRES

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MR. JNO. T. FORD,
BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, AND
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
Members of the profession desirous of engaging with Mr. FORD for forty or more weeks the ensuing season, at either of his three "first class theatres," will address until June 1st, stating business, terms, etc., THOS. A. HALL, Holliday St. Theatre, Balt. 4-5t*

LEA'S MELODEON,

BALTIMORE, MD.
GEORGE LEA..............................Proprietor.
The Melodeon having been repaired, is again in the full tide of success. Artists of acknowledged ability,
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ACROBATS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
will find it to their advantage to address as above, to GEORGE LEA, or JOSH HART, Manager.
N. B.—A First Class Ballet Master Wanted. 4-3m

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BANJO INSTRUCTION
BY H. C. DOBSON,
748 BROADWAY, 748 BROADWAY,
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Between Astor Place and Eighth St., New York.
My method is New, Novel and Original, by which any person can learn in 15 minutes to perform all the popular Banjo pieces of the day. Ten tunes sent for $5. Professional Banjos—the most Brilliant Toned Instruments in the Country—sent to any address, on receipt of the price—$15. 6-2t*

BISHOP'S CUMBERLAND MINSTRELS.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT, AT THEIR
NEW PAVILLION,
Maine Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.
By authority of Major-General Thomas.
BISHOP & DOWNS...............................Proprietors.
T. BRIGHAM BISHOP..................Manager and Director.
TOM DOWNS...Treasurer.
WANTED—A 1st violinist, good reader and up in the business. Also, leading tenor and bass singer. The best of salary and sure pay. Address as above.
N. B.—Good talent in any line, also wanted. 5-4t*

AMUSEMENTS.

MISS KATE FISHER,

THE GREAT ORIGINAL
AND WORLD RENOWNED
"MAZEPPA,"
and her beautiful and
HIGHLY TRAINED STEED,
WONDER.
MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
has appeared at all the principal Theatres in the United States and Canada, and has been everywhere greeted with
ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE BY CROWDED HOUSES.
Her Engagement at the New Bowery Theatre,
NEW YORK,
was one of the most
BRILLIANT ON RECORD,
she having, in the course of her
SIX WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT
been witnessed by
OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS.
Of equal brilliancy have been her engagements at the Theatre Royal, Montreal; Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati; McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and in every theatre
THROUGHOUT THE STATES.
MISS FISHER'S Repertoire embraces
THE THREE FAST MEN,
purchased by her from Mr. Wm. B. English, the author.
MIKE MARTIN,
JACK SHEPPARD,
DICK TURPIN,
CLAUDE DUVAL,
ROOKWOOD,
HERNE THE HUNTER, &c., &c.
Managers will please apply to MISS FISHER, or to her agents,
JAS. CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
6-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

CHALLENGE of

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.
MISS NAOMI PORTER,
now under an engagement with
MR. GEORGE LEA,
AT THE
CANTERBURY, WASHINGTON,
Challenges any
FEMALE JIG DANCER
In the United States, for the sum of
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS,
TO DANCE A
STRAIGHT JIG.
Until she is beaten she claims to be the
CHAMPION OF THE DAY.
Money ready; no forfeits; dance or pay at a minute's notice, by addressing to GEORGE LEA,
Canterbury,
6-2t Washington, D. C.

DEAGLE'S VARIETIES.

ST. LOUIS.
THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
AND THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW IN THE
FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS.
First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
6-tf or GEORGE DEAGLE, St. Louis.

VARIETIES THEATRE,

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. M. CHADWICK & CO..........Sole Lessees and Managers.
The following talented Artists are now engaged at the above popular place of Amusement:—
M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL,
MISS CLARA BUTLER, MISS IDA DUVAL,
M'LLE LEONETTA, MISS JULIA YALE,
M'LLE ELOISE, M'LLE LORETTA,
MONS. BAPTISTIN,
HEN MASON, TOM RUSSELL,
T. H. JEFFERSON, J. W. McANDREWS,
GEORGE WINSHIP, T. G. RIGGS,
FRANK BELER, J. BIEHL,
W. POUND, F. PANZAR,
R. McLEOD, T. L. FITCH,
Performers of acknowledged ability can always have
A GOOD ENGAGEMENT.
None but First Class need apply.
T. L. FITCH, Stage Manager.
P. O. Drawer 6301. 6-4t*

NEW IDEA,

COMMERCIAL STREET, ABOVE KEARNY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
E. G. BERT..........................Proprietor and Manager.
The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
BEAUTIFUL AND COMMODIOUS
THEATRE
has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
on the Pacific Coast.
THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
with an
"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
OPERA, COMEDY, DRAMA, FARCE,
BALLET, MINSTRELSY, BURLESQUE, AND ACROBATIC.
Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
6- 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

ALL HAIL THE STARS.

TIM HAYES & FRANK HOWARD'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE.
EIGHTEEN UNEQUALLED STARS.
TIM HAYES, } Proprietors. { HENRI DECLERQUE,
FRANK HOWARD, } { C. C. HALEY,
Now on their First
ANNUAL TOUR THROUGH THE PRINCIPAL
WESTERN AND EASTERN CITIES.
The above organization is composed of some of the most meritorious artists in the Minstrel Profession, and the Management intend to spare no efforts in making the HAYES & HOWARD MINSTRELS rank A No. 1 among the many similar organizations now traveling. The SPLENDID BRASS BAND, led by F. Sporer, will give a FREE SERENADE in front of the hall every evening.
A Good First Class END MAN and good TENOR SINGER (who reads music) can have engagement for twelve months by addressing, (through CLIPPER,) FRANK HOWARD,
6-3t* Business Manager.

NATIONAL THEATRE,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
WM. E. SINN..............................Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
OF AMERICA.
THE NATIONAL will seat
Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
6-tf Address WM. E. SINN.

VARIETIES,

COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN M. KINNEY... Sole Proprietor and Manager.
The Varieties is now in the full tide of success, and it is one of the fixed institutions of Columbus.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession would do well to address the proprietor, stating line of business, terms, &c., with programme and stamp enclosed. 1-tf

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SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD,
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 5-tf

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young female Brass Band, twenty in number.

Sole proprietor, J. Henage Carter. Musical Director, Professor J. J. Watson. Leader and Brass Band Instructor, G. H. Marsh. The manager feels it perfectly unnecessary to say a word in behalf of his troupe to those who have once seen them. To those who have merely heard of them, he would say that they are literally and universally acknowledged to be "the best and most popular exhibition of the day." The novelty, variety, and excellence of this extraordinary company, makes it stand alone and unapproachable. It has taken years of labor and perseverance to bring the troupe to its present high standard of excellence. In securing the valuable services of Professor Watson, the eminent violinist and composer, the manager feels that he offers the best guarantee for the excellence of the musical department, and in retaining those of Mr. Marsh (the efficient instructor in "brass") the "young female Brass Band" will always have more brass in their faces than any modest young ladies were ever before known to have. The company will make a complete tour of New England before again going west. 1-3m*

FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore.--Ladies

and Gentlemen desiring Engagements in this Theatre, as Members of the Dramatic Company for the ensuing season of 1864'65, will please address GEO. KUNKEL, Manager. 6-4t

H. D. BEISSENHERZ, Leader New Bowery Theatre Orchestra,

will be happy to negotiate with managers for the coming season. Has one of the largest libraries. Address
5-3m* CHAS. BERNARD, 486 Broadway.

TO MANAGERS.

MISS A. HATHAWAY,
of the New Bowery Theatre, can be engaged for the coming season by addressing CHAS. BERNARD, 486 Broadway. 5-3m*

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may

be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 50

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRIS & CLIFTON'S

EXCELSIOR MINSTREL TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND.
EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
This unique Troupe of Metropolitan Artistes, acknowledged to be by far the best company now travelling.
OBSERVE THE POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.
DICK BLACK, Tamborinist and Comedian,
GEO. EDWARDS, Bones and Eccentric Comedian,
DICK McGOWAN, Banjo Soloist and Comedian,
I. W. CHARLES, Personator of Female Characters,
J. NORRIE, Interrogator and Basso,
PROF. S. HOSFIELD, Leader of Orchestra,
J. J. GUNN, Flute Picolo and Alto Horn,
GEO. HOSFIELD, Second Violin and Tenor Horn,
G. CLIFTON, Flagiolet,
EUGENE GORMAN, Flutinist and Comedian,
CHAS. STEVENS, Vocal Director and Alto,
FRANK WINSLOW, Second Violin and Guitar,
WM. SHEEHAN, Leader of Brass Band,
THOS. YATES, Double Bass and Tuber,
GEO. EDMONDS, B Flat Cornet,
and F. V. CONWAY, Clarionet and Baritone.
Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
BRASS BAND.
For particulars see small bills.
The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
J. L. HARRIS, } Sole Proprietors.
GEO. CLIFTON, }
7- HARRY WILLIAMS, Business Agent.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at
BUFFALO, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE,
TOLEDO, ST. PAUL, NASHVILLE,
DETROIT, ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS,
MILWAUKIE, CINCINNATI, NEW ORLEANS,
Returning to the East next season.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader of Orchestra.
E. T. BLACKMAN, Vocal Director.
FRANK BOWLES, Leader of Brass Band.
FRANK CILLEY, } Advertising
WM. H. DAVIS, } Agents.
4-6m CHAS. UNDERWOOD, }

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.---The Only Original

FRANK FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.
18 STAR PERFORMERS,
comprising the following familiar names:
FRED. HOFFMAN, FRED. SHARPLEY,
JOHN McGUINESS, NED TURNER,
J. FRIEDREICH, HENRY BUTLER,
E. S. FARNSWORTH, DICK PRIOR,
PROF. HARROLD, J. H. JACKSON,
C. G. STANLY, SAMUEL A. PORTER,
E. S. SULLIVAN, MASTER JAMES,
E. JAMES KELLY, MASTER JOHNNY,
FRANK FORREST, P. H. HILL.
The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, 11 years of age, appear each evening in their great act,
DOUBLE CLOG HORNPIPE.
The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays each evening in front of the hall.
FRANK FORREST, Proprietor and Manager.
P. H. HILL, Artist. 7-tf

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS

WILL OPEN
THEIR
NEW HALL
199 and 201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring Street,
ON OR ABOUT
JUNE 1st.
The most Elegant,
AND BY FAR THE BEST VENTILATED
TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT
in the United States.
Full particulars in future announcements. 5-tf

CANTERBURY HALL,

HARRISBURG, PA.
J. H. DONNELL.......................Proprietor.
JOE MILLER.....................Stage Manager.
HARRY WELLS..................Leader of Orchestra.
This popular place of amusement is now in full tide of success. It is the Largest and Best Company now in this city, acknowledged to be so by the public and also by the press. Performers of acknowleded ability, such as
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
GYMNASTS, &c.,
Will find it to their advantage to apply stating line of business, terms, &c., to
5-3m J. H. DONNELL, Box 39, Harrisburg, Pa.

TO SHOWMEN VISITING ALBANY.---To Rent,

the Large and Centrally located Lot of Ground on the corner of Hudson, Jay and Swan streets, Albany. Size 385 by 200 feet. Two entrances. GAS on the lot, and a large Chandelier with 80 burners, sufficient to light the largest Tent that can be furnished. Water also on the premises. Apply to
H. BROWER,
4-3m on the premises

INTERESTING

TO TRAVELLING COMPANIES THROUGH CANADA.
WM. RICHARDSON has removed from the American Hotel to the INTERNATIONAL (formerly the Burlington), KING STREET, EAST HAMILTON, C. W., where he is better prepared to accommodate the travelling companies through that section of country, and will be happy to wait on his old friends from the United States. Dealers in horses would do well to give him a call. Having more convenience and a much larger house, he can commend himself to all. WM. RICHARDSON,
4-4t* Hamilton, C. W.

THE TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTES,

GEO. C. BONIFACE
and
MISS KATE NEWTON,
will commence their summer campaign at Buffalo on Monday, July 11th, 1864. Letters of negotiation for the ensuing fall and winter tour may be addressed to H. H. WALL,
Business Manager,
Care of W. C. Wemyss,
3-tf 575 Broadway, New York.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.

Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
4-tf W. HENDERSON, Manager.

APOLLO THEATRE,

LEXINGTON, KY.
WEAVER & GOLDEN, Managers
The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements from that date until the 4th of July inclusive, will apply as above.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. 4-3m

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,

Cor. Summer and Chauncy streets,
BOSTON.
Entertainments Every Evening, and
48-3m* Saturday Afternoon.

J. T. HUNTLEY'S

"HUDSON RIVER HOUSE,"
Catskill Point.
PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT,
WITH GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT BOARDERS.
☞ MEALS AT ALL HOURS. ☜
☞ Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.
The House is under the personal supervision of
2- J. T. HUNTLEY.

U. S. HALL, Wooster City,

WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO.
W. W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.
This spacious and newly fitted up establishment is now open for the Show folks and Travellers generally.
It is situated nearly in the centre of the city; has a dining room for eighty people; stabling for sixty horses, and shed room for fifty more.
The whole under the personal superintendence of that prince of hotel keepers, W. W. Hamilton. 4-tf

CRANDEL'S EXCHANGE,

WOOSTER, OHIO.
E. D. ELY, Proprietor.
The very best accommodations for Travellers, Circus, Theatrical and Show People.
Stabling for 100 horses 4-tf

THE WEBB SISTERS,

MISSES EMMA AND ADA.
Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
42-3m CLIPPER OFFICE, or 17 Nassau street, Brooklyn.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Danseuse and VOCALIST,

will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

TO MANAGERS.---A Gentleman who possesses

a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
PERCY STANLEY,
Care Box 817,
4-3m* Portsmouth, N. H.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,

514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c............................HENRY WOOD.
MONDAY, May 23, and every evening during the week,
DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
THOUGHTFUL EMOTION,
COTTON FIELD SPORTS,
FOUR CROWS,
MUGOLOGY,
HAPPY UNCLE TOM,
COMIC BANJO SOLOS,
FLAT FOOT JAKE,
&c., &c., &c.
CHARLEY FOX, FRANK BROWER, J. T. BOYCE, W. S. BUDWORTH., &c.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

444 BROADWAY,
THE GRAND RESORT OF THE METROPOLIS,
A Succession of Crowded Houses Greet
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
Every Night.
The most unanimous tokens of approval,
The Press and Public,
Unite in declaring it
THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
The company is Perfection in all its details.
THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,
THE GREAT PANTOMIMIC TROUPE,
THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,
In short, all that goes to make up
THE GIGANTIC COMPANY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.
R. W. BUTLER, Manager.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.
J. AMMERMAN, Treasurer.
ANTONIO GROSSI, Ballet Master.
DAVID BRAHAM, Musical Director. 6-tf

BROADWAY THEATRE,

LATE "WALLACK'S,"
BROADWAY CORNER OF BROOME STREET.
Engagement of
MR. F. S. CHANFRAU,
Who will appear in the
COMIC DUALITY
OF
LORD DUNDREARY } AND { BROTHER SAM,
LORD DUNDREARY } { BROTHER SAM,
In Charles Gayler's highly successful Comedy entitled
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AT HOME.
Messrs. JAMES MARTIN, JAMES SEYMOUR, Miss FANNY BROWNE, and Miss MARIE BONIFACE will make their first appearance here.
MONDAY, MAY 23d, and every evening till further notice,
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AT HOME.
Lord Dundreary, } ....MR. F. S. CHANFRAU.
Brother Sam, }
For Full Cast, Synopsis of New Scenery, &c., see Small Bills.

GAYETY MUSIC HALL,

GREENE STREET, NEAR BEAVER, ALBANY, N. Y.
Open Every Evening to Crowded Houses, with the following talent:
D. W. COLLINS, TOM BROOKFIELD, J. S. BERRY,
F. BIRCH, PAUL CANE, TOM PENNINGTON,
Z. MILLIMAN, J. BUNSBY,
MAST. PAUL CANE,
MAST. CHARLIE DEWEY, PROF. KRAFT,
MISS AUGUSTA BLAKE,
MISS LOUISA EVANS, and CORPS DE BALLET,
With a Full and Efficient Orchestra.
Sole Proprietor............................SAM FITZPATRICK
Stage Manager..................................D. W. COLLINS
WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A good Lady Vocalist, good Danseuse, and Lady Jig Dancer.
First-class talent in any line can always secure an engagement by addressing the proprietor, as above. 7-1t*

HENRY BYRON'S GRAND MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT,

at Clinton Hall, 8th street, near Broadway, THURSDAY EVENING, June 2d, assisted by Madame S. A. Rosenthal, M'lle Weel, Miss Ettie Melville, Messrs. Arne, Harding, Guy, Frazer, Raynor, Shackleton, Jennings, Edwards, Byron, Robotham, and others. Tickets, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Doors open at 7; commence at 8 P. M. For particulars, see small bills. 7-2t*

AUGUSTA OPERA HOUSE,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.
Sole Lessees and Proprietors.....S. E. BROWNE and G. W. PIKE
Will be completed on or about the 1st of August. The regular Dramatic Season will commence on or about the 1st of Sept. The present season will close in Newport, R. I., July 4th. All communications should be addressed to
BROWNE & PIKE'S DRAMATIC CO.,
7-2t* Care of L. R. Pike, Box 3294, Boston, Mass.

MR. J. M. WARD, the Celebrated Irish Comedian,

now playing a most successful star engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, will commence a
STAR ENGAGEMENT OF TWO WEEKS
on Monday, May 22d, at the Athenæum, Columbus.
Mr. Ward has several new Irish Dramas never produced upon the stage. Managers of Theatres wishing to negotiate with Mr. Ward will address HARRY LARWENCE, Manager,
7-2t* Columbus, Ohio.

A FINE STEREOPTICON, with 130 superior Views,

Staging, Canvas, Poles, &c., all complete for traveling. Used only a month, and will be sold for $200 less than cost, by addressing W. H. K., Room A, 112 Broadway, New York. 7-1t*

TO MANAGERS.--Mr. C. J. HEARTWELL, now

playing at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, is prepared to negotiate for Leading Business for the ensuing Fall and Winter Season. All communications addressed as above will receive due attention.
7-2t*

CONTINENTAL THEATRE.

Walnut street above Eighth, Philadelphia.
ALLINSON & HINCKEN............Sole Lessees and Managers.
JAS. PILGRIM.......................Acting Manager and Dramatist.
J. R. WHITE......................................Stage Manager.
THE POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
Devoted to the production of
Equestrian and other Sensation Dramas.
Musical Burlettas, Farces, Extravaganzas,
Pantomime, Ballet, Ethiopian Sketches, &c., &c.
with a triple company, selected with great care from amongst the most talented members in the profession.
☞ THE CONTINENTAL SEATS 3000 PERSONS. ☜
Sensation and other Stars wishing nights will address as above.
49-tf JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

UNION HALL,

WILLIAMSBURGH, LONG ISLAND,
well known as the largest, most popular and superior Hall, located in the desirable portion of the city, completely furnished in elegant style, ante rooms, stage scenery, foot lights, &c. Capacity for 1000 people seated. To be rented for concerts, exhibitions, &c. Apply at the office on the premises, corner of Division Avenue and Clymer street, or address
WILLET & BROTHERS,
Williamsburgh,
1-10t* Box 195 Post Office.

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